£200 OFFERED FOR SOLUTION OF PEARSON'S PUZZLES: 1. THE KAISER PUZZLE 2. THE OFFICER PUZZLE

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 48.

There was a young lady called Knight,
Who had a most horrible fright;
She was out, so they say,
In the country one day

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in this week's "Pearson's Weekly."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

FOR PARTICULARS SEE PAGE 732.

No. 927.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING APRIL 23, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

What people say about

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

"Is there not a double excellency in this?"

Manufacturers by Royal Patent of H.M. King George II. 1729, and by Special Warrants of Appointment to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen, and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

BY APPOINTMENT

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

The Original Firm.

is always a welcome resource to those responsible for the comfort and health of the family. It contains the ingredients required in the food taken by Growing Childhood, the Strenuous-Living, Old Age, and the Invalid. It is a superb stimulant as well as a permanent strengthener. 300 Gold Medals, &c., have been awarded to the Firm.

N.B.—Insist on having Fry's and reject substitutes, which are often pushed for the sake of extra profit.

THE SEEKER AFTER HEALTH

is always glad to hear of a medicine that has been frequently tried in complaints similar to those from which he may be suffering, and that has proved uniformly successful. Such a remedy is BEECHAM'S PILLS. For half a century they have been doing incalculable good, and all who suffer from troubles traceable to disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Kidneys

SHOULD TAKE

these pills. They are a skilful combination of valuable vegetable extracts in precise proportions—and act naturally and gently on the organs at fault, even a few doses showing most marked results. Those who desire a sound digestion and active liver, steady nerves, pure blood, buoyant and good spirits, should not delay a single day, but at once provide themselves with, and begin a course of,

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

Headache

CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free simple doses of Kaputine by return post.

Write to

C. H. KAPUTINE, Kaputine Works, Wakefield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 18 doses, 1/-.

Samples 1d.

JU-VIS

You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes.

A Breakfast CUP 1d.

Fluid Ju-Vis is preferred by many for its delicate fla[vour]. It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Ext[ract].

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

HER EYES!

WHAT eyes?
WHOSE eyes?
"HER eyes."

This charming new presentation picture by M. Randall, NOW READY, reproduced in colours, 23 in. by 17 in., will be sent free for **50 Outside** wrappers from blocks or band labels from tins taken from W. G. Nixey's goods. (If ½d. wrappers sent, 100 required). Commence saving wrappers. Former presentation pictures, 'Julia,' 'Helena,' will be out of print in March. Next picture ready Sept., '08

W. G. Nixey, 12, Soho Square, London, W.

NIXEY'S REFINED BLACK LEAD

In 1d., 2d., 4d., 1s. Sizes.

NIXELENE STOVE PASTE. 1d. & 2d. tins.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

	Bordered. per doz.	Hem-stitched. per doz.
Children's	1/3	
Ladies'	2/6	2/9
Gents'	3/6	3/11

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Gentlemen from 6/11 per doz.

Matchless Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts, and Cuffs and Bodies of fine Longcloth, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38w Donegall Place, Belfast

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

Cigarette AG Paper

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ROVER

A MARVELLOUS OFFER.

For the first time in the history of cycling a genuine ROVER CYCLE is offered to the Public at the extraordinarily low price of £6. 6s. No cyclist should decide on his new season's mount until he has seen the ROVER.

Write at once for fully illustrated catalogue to

Dept. A. The ROVER CO. Ltd., Meteor Works, Coventry; 19 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.—**E. B. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London.** Over 30 years' continuous success.

BICYCLES

Delivered on First Payment of 5/-

Write for Price Lists Free

GEO. FRANKLAND, RAILWAY-RD., BLACKBURN.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

A post-card never yielded a richer reward than is offered in H. SAMUEL'S

MAMMOTH FREE BARGAIN BOOK

a valuable bargain guide—a book that puts the bulk of the retailer's profit direct into the buyer's pocket—in fact, by purchasing Watches, Clocks, Cutlery, &c., from H. Samuel you

SAVE HALF YOUR OUTLAY.

NOTE THESE STRIKING EXAMPLES: SOLID GOLD BROOCHES 3/6; SILVER BROOCHES FROM 1/-; GEM RINGS 5/6; CHAINS 4/6; &c.

ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL freely allowed with the smallest purchase.

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF H. SAMUEL'S HALF-PRICE TRADING. Reliable Nickel Clock. Often sold at 2/6. Postage 3d. extra. 1/-

HANDSOME FREE PRIZE for all customers spending 5/- upwards.

MAKE THE BEST USE OF A HA'PENNY AND SEND A POST-CARD FOR BOOK TO-DAY. YOUR APPLICATION DOES NOT BIND YOU TO ANYTHING.

H. SAMUEL, 87, Market St., MANCHESTER. LONDON: 172, Strand, W.C., and at Woolwich, Kilburn, Stratford, Croydon.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

PRETTY POTTERY DIRECT From our kilns to your homes. We are really manufacturers. **Wedding Presents a Speciality.** We have wonderful value to offer in our combined TEA AND BREAKFAST SERVICES. The Queen's at 13/-, white; 17/6 with gold. 54 pieces. You save middle profits with us. Price Lists Free.—The Royal Crown Pottery Co. (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.—Clearing 600,000 Wrench's famous penny Picture Post-cards. 100 different Charming British Views (8/4 worth), post free 1/3.—Pain Bros., Dept. 110H, Presents House, Hastings.

LADIES, the Sylvestyre Compressed Tablets, the best remedy discovered. They never fail to give relief. Specially prepared to suit the female constitution. They do not contain pennyroyal, bitter apple, or similar useless preparations. SUFFER NO LONGER. Sent in plain wrapper, post free, 1/3, extra strong 4/6.—Sylvestyre Co. (Dept. 6), Exchange Parade, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

ROSES.—Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A.1. ELECTRO-PLATED CAKE KNIFE, handsomely engraved, suitable for present. Satisfaction guaranteed. 1/10 post free.—Letts, 561 Attercliffe Common, Sheffield.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

STRENGTH: How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 45 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MAKE MONEY selling Remnants, Prints, Stuffs, Muslins, etc., by weight; easily learnt; send for guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Salford, Manchester.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—N. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

YOU can earn 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply U., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

CHOICE CHINA DIRECT.—We have for years satisfactorily supplied readers of *Pearson's Weekly* at Wholesale Prices. Better value cannot be obtained. Famous Century Guinea Package, four decorated services, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Single Services, from 4/-. Householder's Catalogue free, showing everything in China and Crockery. Compare our Catalogue, Testimonials, etc., with others. Badged Teaware and Bazaar Packages for Churches.—Century Pottery Coy., Dept. R, Burslem, Staffs.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Successes, Matrimony; 2 years' guide. Send birth date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Butleigh, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.

LADIES' MILLINERY.—New Catalogue of Smart Hats post free. Half London prices.—Brown & Broadbent, Millinery Experts, Leeds.

1/- WEEKLY.—I sell everything. Boots, Clothing, and Household Goods. Bicycles delivered on 5/-. State wants.—Potter, 45 Derehamroad, Norwich.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c., &c. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. *Coated with Gold,* prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity), 2/9. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Mdme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

BICYCLES £5 5s. 0d. CASH, or 15/- with order and 10/- per month. High-grade, honest, and splendidly finished (gold and green lined), two brakes (inverted or roller levers), ball free wheel, first grade tyres, plated rims. Complete with pump, spanners, oil-can, repair outfit, fine plated lamp and bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo, full specifications, and 48-page book of testimonials to the actual manufacturer, George Beatson, "Lion" Works, 80 Moseley Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

A GOOD AGENCY.—Respectable men in regular employment, desirous of increasing their income, are invited to apply for terms and particulars of a Spare Time Agency, by which they can supply Clothing, Drapery, Boots, and Shoes, Watches, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, &c., for cash or credit; favourable terms to agent and customer.—John Myers & Co. Ltd., Box 18, 161 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established nearly a century.

FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—100 picked specimens, send 1d. postage. Mention gift 4[illegible].—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

FREE, 50 Stamps to those who send 6d. for 50 Colonials. No trash.—S. Fleming, 29 Erpingham Road, Putney.

LADIES

Should write to-day enclosing 1d. stamp for valuable Booklet and

FREE SAMPLE OF BLANCHARD'S PILLS

They Supersede Pennyroyal, Pil Cochia, Bitter Apple, &c. Sold in boxes 1/1½ by all chemists, or post free from

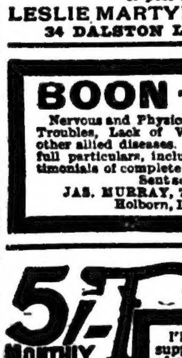
LESLIE MARTYN Ltd., Chemists, 34 DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

JAS. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

5/- MONTHLY — 12 YEARS GUARANTEE



I'll give you credit, and will supply any Cycle on terms of payment to suit yourself. I sell HUMBER, CENTAUR, PROGRESS, SWIFT, ROVER, PREMIER, TRIUMPH, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE and SINGER Cycles, at pounds below Makers' and local Agents' cash prices. RUDGE-WHITWORTHS from £3 15s. cash. A High-Grade Coventry-made Cycle for £3 12s. cash or 5/- monthly. Sent on approval. Prompt Delivery. Write for Lists TO-DAY.

Edwd. O'Brien Ld. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. (DEPT 136) COVENTRY.

BOYS.

Every able-bodied boy should send for particulars of light work to be done in exchange for Watches, Cameras, Boxing-Gloves, Penknives, and other Useful Gifts.

This is a genuine offer. Don't delay.

Send a Post-card at once to—

THE ASHFORD NOVELTY COMPANY,

2 Hove Villas, Ashford, Middlesex.

Better than Cod Liver [Oil]

Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); the most pure; no preservatives used; invaluable for a substitute for cod liver oil. ½lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; [illegible] free, and invalids. [illegible] constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Lichfield, &c., Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, [illegible] Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, S.O., Devon.

OZERINE CURES FITS

It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness when everything else has failed. In every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now sent to all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I of its success. 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. 1), 25 High Street, Belfast.

OUR EASTER NUMBER.

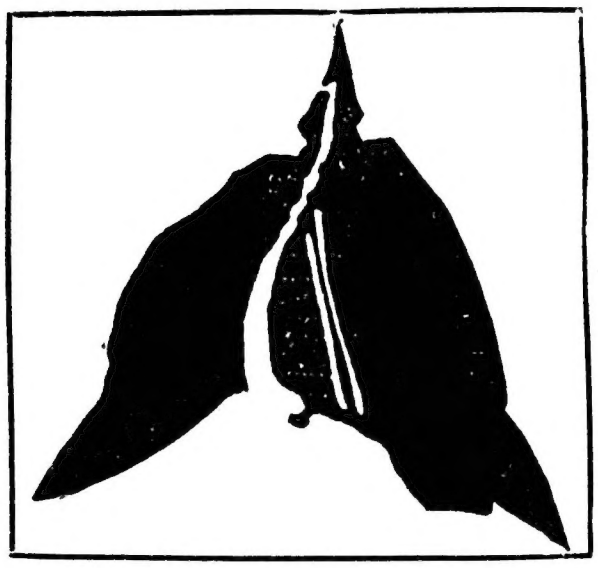
PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 927. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 23, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

Another £100 Challenge!

FIND THE HIDDEN BRITISH OFFICER.



One Hundred Pounds Reward if Discovered by Thursday, May 21st.

"Pearson's Weekly" Puzzle Number Two.

The black shapes reproduced above are two of a number of black pieces from which, when correctly placed, a likeness of a military officer can be formed. All you have to do is to correctly place these pieces and send in your claim for £100 addressed to the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly." But you must do it before Thursday, May 21st.

The complete set of the nine black shapes which go to form the puzzle can be purchased now from any bookseller or newsagent, clearly printed on card, for one penny. Full conditions, which must be observed in connection with this fascinating contest, will be found printed on the back of the puzzle.

Ask for Pearson's Officer Puzzle. One Penny.

SCREWS FOR THE CABINET.

THE accession of Mr. Asquith to the Premiership will lead to several important changes in the Cabinet, and each junior Minister is doubtless hoping that he will not be forgotten in the general shuffle.

There is no fixed rule as to the number of Ministers that a Cabinet should contain. Lord Beaconsfield always maintained that twelve was enough, but in recent years this has been increased to eighteen or nineteen.

It is understood, however, that the fourteen principal Ministers shall always be included. The following is a list of the offices carrying this honour and the salaries attached to them:

Lord High Chancellor, £10,000.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland, £8,000.
First Lord of the Treasury, £5,000.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, £5,000.
Secretary of State for Home Affairs, £5,000.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, £5,000.
Secretary of State for War, £5,000.
Secretary of State for the Colonies, £5,000.
Secretary of State for India, £5,000.
First Lord of the Admiralty, £4,500.
Lord President of the Council, £2,000.
Lord Privy Seal, £2,000.
President of the Board of Trade, £2,000.
President of the Local Government Board, £2,000.

The office of First Lord of the Treasury is usually held by the Prime Minister, if he is a member of the House of Commons.

NOT WASTED.

AN Army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa presented to the Kaffir boy, who acted as his particular servant, a pair of strong, heavily-nailed Army boots.

The boy was delighted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and for several days afterwards he strutted proudly about the camp.

But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet, and the boots tied round his neck.

"Hello!" said his master. "Why don't you wear your boots? Are they too small for you?"

"Oh, no, sah," replied the Kaffir, "they plenty big. Berry nice boots, sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much slow, sah. Keep boots now for wear in bed."

THE electrical study craze is now bearing fruit.

"Are you a conductor?" asked a lad of an omnibus guard."

"I am," replied the courteous official.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Wood."

"Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

"HAVE you," asked the judge of a recently-convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your honour," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last farthing."

SCHOOLS FOR HEROES.

THE Rescue Training School, which has just been established at Howe Bridge, near Atherton, by the Lancashire and Cheshire Coalowners' Association, although a novelty, so far as this country is concerned, has long had its counterpart in Westphalia.

It was from this latter institution that the corps of trained men came to the Courrières collieries in Northern France, after the terrible explosion in March, 1906, when over 1,200 miners perished, and rendered such invaluable aid with their life-saving apparatus.

Paris has a school for heroes in connection with its police force, picked men being taught to dive from bridges into the Seine and rescue would-be suicides, with a minimum of danger to themselves.

More Victoria Crosses have been awarded for picking up and throwing away live shells, than for any other single act of valour. At the Royal Engineer Barracks, Brompton, is a school, wherein budding heroes are instructed, by the aid of dummy bombs of various sizes and patterns, in the safest and best methods of performing the hazardous feat.

At the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, in the Southwark Bridge Road, again, the firemen are regularly taught to take their lives in their hands at "rescue drill," as it is called, and are even provided with diving-dresses and helmets, of a kind precisely similar to those just introduced at the Howe Bridge School, for the purpose of enabling them to penetrate into the smoke-fouled basements of burning buildings.

The truth on men and matters east and west, and south and north may be found each week in M. A. P. delightfully set forth.

His Majesty's Pleasure

The Story of an Eventful Easter Holiday.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

ALL the trouble arose through Jenkins's absurd vanity and a prominent paragraph in his evening paper on the Wednesday preceding the Easter holidays.

It was after reading the paragraph during his solitary dinner in his lodgings at Streatham that Mr. Roland Jenkins rose as quickly as possible, and, clapping on his hat, strode to the other end of the road, where, in the corner house rejoicing in the title of "The Mount," resided one George Bramber, a middle-aged gentleman, who held a fairly lucrative position in a shipping firm.

Mr. Bramber was seated in a large chair drawn up before the fire in a small room which he dignified by the name of library, possibly because the solitary bookcase was full of books he never read.

"Is your wife coming back before Easter?" cried Mr. Jenkins, as he dashed into the room without any ceremony.

"Er—no," said the elder man, with a faint smile; "she is going to stay another fortnight with her people."

"Good!" ejaculated the visitor, and while Mr. Bramber did not deny the statement, he looked at his friend in dull amazement.

"Bramber, my boy," continued Mr. Jenkins, hurriedly, "you're going to have the spree of your life. You're going to Seacliff for Easter as the equerry of no less a personage than that of King Paul of Alfornia."

Mr. Bramber sat back in his chair.

"I'm not!" he said, with emphasis.

Mr. Jenkins's face fell, then he helped himself to a glass of whisky and laughed.

"Read that!" he commanded, producing the evening paper and pointing to a paragraph, beneath which was a badly-printed photograph.

Mr. Bramber read, then he put down the paper and commenced to fill his pipe.

"Well!" he asked, carelessly.

"You see the likeness?"

"Oh, that would do for the Bishop of London or a Gaiety actress; but if——"

Mr. Jenkins came across to the fireplace.

"Listen to me," he said, sternly, standing over his friend. "This is the plan. You must acknowledge, as everyone acknowledged a few months ago, my distinct resemblance to the King of Alfornia. Why, when he was over here last year I was continually being followed by reporters and photographers, and, as you know, a photograph of myself walking down Regent Street was published under the heading 'Our Royal Visitor Goes Shopping'!"

"I remember all that," interrupted Mr. Bramber, impatiently. "My dear chap, you've never given anyone a chance to forget it!"

Mr. Jenkins took no notice of the interruption; his feet were spread apart, his hands behind his back, and his head held proudly in the air.

"Very well," he resumed; "now comes the news that King Paul is taking a short holiday strictly *incognito*, and is believed to be in England. We go down to Seacliff, someone is sure to mistake me for His Majesty, and we have the giddiest time of our lives."

"How?" demanded Mr. Bramber, sceptically, albeit his face expressed a little more interest.

"Why, every way—the best of everything at the hotel, everyone dying to receive us with open arms, and——"

"Get run in for impersonation."

"Rot! That's the beauty of my little scheme. I shan't say I am the king; I shall look annoyed and deny it, if it is suggested; but a few slips of the tongue and my—er—presence will do the trick. Think of the joke! It will be all round the Stock Exchange and best part of the City."

"But where do I come in?" objected Bramber. "You can't play the fool like that without spending a dickens of a lot of money."

"My dear chap, it will be cheap at the price. As my equerry, you'll have just as good a time as myself, and it will be a jolly sight better than moping about here by yourself over the holidays."

"Yes—yes," assented the staid City shipper, doubtfully.

"Good!" jerked Mr. Jenkins, making a grab for his hat; "then I'll wire and engage rooms first thing in the morning, and we'll go down early in the afternoon. I'll fix up a train later. Ta-ta."

"Whoa! hold on!" gasped Mr. Bramber; "you're not going to play the king under the name of Jenkins, are you?"

"No, of course not; I shall hit on something good during the night. But you can be Bramberg; sounds more foreign by adding a 'g.' See you lunch-time. Ta-ta."

The boisterous stockbroker was gone before Bramber could make any further protest.

The staid City man gulped down some whisky, and then lit his pipe and puffed at it contemplatively.

"I think I've been a fool!" he muttered to himself after due consideration.

On the whole, he was remarkably near the truth.

But of that anon.

* * * * *

The south-coast express was rapidly nearing Seacliff, and seated in the crowded Pullman car were Roland Jenkins and George Bramber, or, rather, Rudolph Randsel and Captain Bramberg. Both men sat smoking in silence. Jenkins was somewhat annoyed because his fellow passengers appeared totally indifferent, and not one glance of curiosity was cast in his direction, and the portly shipping clerk was wondering whether the fact that his maternal grandfather had been a captain in the Militia warranted him in making use of the title to lend colour to Jenkins's little scheme. He was also worried about Mrs. Bramber; if that strong-minded lady ever heard of the episode it was good-bye to peace for the rest of his life. Then there was the question of expense; he had an idea that if they were supposed to be the King of Alfornia and his equerry, the fact would not tend towards a reduction in the tariff.

"Jenkins," he said suddenly, as the train began to slow down, "I'm going to chuck this mad idea. I'm going back."

His Majesty frowned.

"Don't be a fool!" he snapped. "It's too late now; I've booked the rooms and arranged everything, and, for heaven's sake, don't address me as Jenkins, or you'll ruin everything. Randsel if you like; but manage to work in a 'sire' or 'your majesty' as if by accident every now and then. I tell you, I—— Hallos, here we are! Now don't rush about like a cheap trapper; be a bit dignified if you can."

He rose, and strode from the car, followed nervously by Bramber. On the platform he curtly commanded a porter to secure them a fly and look after their luggage. The big trunk with foreign railway labels Jenkins had borrowed from a gentleman who travelled extensively on the Continent—selling a patent lock.

"Give the man half a sovereign," commanded Bramber's royal master, as the porter placed the luggage in the fly.

The shipping clerk gasped, and declared with entirely unnecessary eloquence that he would see Jenkins, the porter, and any other individual in—some distance from Seacliff—before he did so.

"Don't make such a row!" groaned the ambitious stockbroker, "we'll square up afterwards; but, as my equerry, you hold my privy purse and settle all accounts. A big tip will make an impression at the start."

"Well, let's have your privy purse," persisted Bramber, and, as the porter had finished his task, Jenkins, with a sigh, slipped half a sovereign into his unimaginative equerry's hand and that gentleman in turn slipped it into the porter's.

The effect was somewhat spoiled, for the man, after a quick glance at the coin, was convinced that it had been given him in error for a sixpence, and, without even a word of thanks, he dashed off to another part of the station to be out of the way before the mistake was discovered.

At the hotel they were received by the manager with the deference due to the guests who could afford the best suite of rooms in the establishment, and Jenkins was firmly convinced that this man, at all events, had some idea of his exalted station.

They dined in the public saloon, the stockbroker putting on such an exaggerated air of importance that would have spoilt the whole thing to anyone used to meeting kings; but, fortunately or unfortunately, no one dining at the Grand Hotel, Seacliff, that night was an associate of royalty, and so the two City men were put down as being people of some importance in the social world, and interest was aroused.

After dinner the two men, donning overcoats over their evening dress, went for a stroll along the front. Bramber was in disgrace; he had twice called his companion "Jenkins" during the meal, and once a waiter had stared in blank amazement when, recognising his error, he had blurted out in a loud voice, "I mean sire; that is, your majesty."

The waiter mentioned the incident to the head waiter, thinking it a good joke, the head waiter mentioned his version to the manager, and the manager, fully impressed, announced in solemn tones to a little party of guests in the smoking-room that he was convinced that they had royalty staying at the hotel.

Then one of the party brought down his first heavily upon the small table at which he was sitting, carelessly glancing at the evening paper of the previous day.

"By gad, I knew I'd seen the tall chap's face before!" he cried. "Look at that paragraph and the photo. I'll bet ten to one that we've got the King of Alfornia staying here with us."

The others looked at the photograph and they read the paragraph. A few minutes later the manager departed, a smile of pleasure and satisfaction upon his vivid red face. Then the story travelled round, and when the stockbroker and the shipping clerk re-entered the hotel they found themselves the objects of so much curiosity and awe that even the admiration-loving Jenkins was amply satisfied.

The next day the news was all over the rising seaside resort, and the worthy mayor was deeply regretting that His Majesty's strict *incognito* prevented him paying an official visit; nevertheless he decided to pay a private visit to the King at his hotel, and thank him for the great honour he had done Seacliff.

That night the local correspondent sent a long paragraph to three or four London papers; but, being Good Friday and a big railway smash in the North filling up three columns of matter, the tired sub-editor in each case cut the matter down to a few lines, and the next morning the following short paragraph appeared:

"It is reported that the King of Alfornia is in England and staying at an hotel in Seacliff. His Majesty, who is travelling solely on pleasure, is maintaining a strict *incognito*."

But, insignificant as the paragraph was, it interested several people, and caused Seacliff to have at least two more visitors that Easter.

* * * * *

It was Easter Monday—seven o'clock in the evening to be exact—and Mr. Roland Jenkins, *alias* Rudolph Randsel, and Mr. George Bramber, *alias* Captain Bramberg, were walking quickly along the sands in the direction of Seacliff. They knew they would be very late for dinner at the hotel, but it was not that fact that accounted for the serious expression on both their faces.

It was not even the fact that they had a very shrewd suspicion that their bill for the three or four days would be more than they usually spent on a month's holiday that troubled them; it was something entirely different, something that was a very serious factor in the life of the real King of Alfornia—it was the fear of assassination by Anarchists.

On the Saturday afternoon they had noticed that a shabby-looking man had followed them to their hotel. In the evening the shabby man had been close behind them on the promenade, and on the previous afternoon a bullet had passed through Mr. Jenkins's delicate grey tweed trilby hat, missing his head by about half an inch.

Therefore, as Mr. Roland Jenkins strode along the sands he had no eye for the beauties of the evening, the gently-lapping waves, or the picturesque fleet of fishing boats which had just put out of the harbour; if the truth must be told, he was wishing himself back in his comfortable bachelor diggings at Streatham and reviling himself for ever having been fool enough to come to Seacliff—at least, to come as King Paul of Alfornia.

As for Mr. Bramber, he was in a state closely bordering on lunacy. He was essentially a peace-loving man, and one who dislikes to find himself outside his usual groove. Anarchists were certainly not in his ordinary routine, and his great fear was that a shot, which justly belonged to his friend, should find a lodging in some part of his anatomy.

"I'm going back to-night!" he declared, fiercely, after they had walked some distance. "I've had enough of it! How the dickens should I explain a bullet in my leg or arm to my wife!"

Mr. Jenkins did not reply; he had an unpleasant suspicion that unless he was very careful he would receive a bullet in such a spot as would make explanation impossible.

"All right!" he growled. Then both relapsed into silence.

Though the ringleader would not admit it, he had come to the conclusion that the bowing servants, the respectful but curious guests at the hotel, and the frankly curious crowd on the promenade, were not sufficient compensation for the risk and expense to which he was exposed. He reviled his likeness to the King of Alfornia fluently, and illogically laid the blame on Bramber, who, in his anxiety to play his part properly, had greatly overdone the "Sires" and "Your majesties."

The chain of thought of both the men received a sudden and extremely unpleasant interruption, for without the slightest warning a sandbag descended swiftly upon the head of each; each had a vision of blurred lights on the distant promenade, and then each went face downwards into the sand, hitting the ground with a simultaneous thud that knocked the little remaining sense out of their bodies.

* * * * *

When Mr. Jenkins opened his eyes on recovering consciousness he found himself lying in a large cave, faintly illuminated by two or three ship's lamps. A few feet away lay the inert body of Mr. Bramber, while a little nearer the mouth of the cave four men, apparently fishermen, sat round an upturned barrel, engaged in some game with a greasy pack of cards.

Mr. Jenkins promptly closed his eyes again, and tried to think where on earth they were. Who were their captors, and how long had they been there? No light came from the narrow passage, that evidently constituted the entrance to the cave, so it must be night. He felt particularly hungry, yet, so far as he could see, there was no food about.

A groan beside him disturbed the gloomy chain of thought into which he had fallen, and, cautiously opening one eye, he saw that Bramber was sitting up, his hand to his head and an expression of blank astonishment and some fear on his face.

Seeing that his captives had regained their senses, a burly, ginger-haired man, who appeared to be the leader of the party, rose to his feet, threw down his cards, and unceremoniously took the lamp from the barrel.

"Feelin' better?" he asked, looking down at the two prisoners, a broad grin on his face.

Jenkins sat up and tried to speak with dignity.

"I'll trouble you for an explanation of this outrage!" he said, angrily.

"No trouble, your majesty," replied the burly man, calmly; "you're 'ere 'cos you're worth money to me. You ought to be thankful to me for 'avin' saved your life."

"What do you mean?" gasped Bramber.

"'Old on, capting, I'm addressin' of 'is majesty; you ain't much count. It's like this, to put the matter plainly: I 'appened to see the dark little cove take the pot shot at you yesterday afternoon, and in the evenin' I 'ears 'im an' another cove plottin' to put a bomb in your room at the 'otel, an'——"

"That's very good of you," said Mr. Jenkins, struggling feebly to his feet. "I wish you could have managed to attain your object without knocking us down; but we'll pass that over. Now, if a sovereign or so would be of any use to you, I shall be glad to——"

"Chuck it!" in[illegible] the ginger-headed man, angrily, and the other t[illegible] had drawn round, laughed grimly. "No pla[illegible] This is the situation. Them Ana[illegible] I take it you don't want to go

to 'em. Very well, if I go to the little cove with the black whiskers, I guess 'e'll bid up to a 'undred pounds at least. Now, what's your offer?"

Mr. Jenkins sank back against the damp wall of the cave, while the shipping clerk, not feeling equal to tackling the situation without considerable thought, contented himself with a hoarse groan.

Then the stockbroker made a confession that he wished he had made some days before.

"I am not the King of Alfornia!" he declared, and Mr. Bramber heaved a sigh of relief.

"I've bin brought up to be respectful to royalty," said the ginger-haired man, slowly; "if I 'adn't, I should call you a bloomin' liar! Liar!—that's wot I should say."

"But I tell you I am speaking the truth," declared Mr. Jenkins, hotly. "It is an absurd mistake the people down here have made. My name is Roland Jenkins. I am a stockbroker, living in London. Look, man, here is my card!"

"My name is Bill Werington, an' I ain't a fool!" remarked the burly man. "'Ow is it everyone says you're the king; that it's put in the papers, and them Anarchist coves wants you?"

"It's a mistake."

"'E don't look much like a king, Bill," declared one of the other men; and Jenkins, despite his wounded pride, cast him a grateful glance.

But Mr. Werington shook his great head.

"I'll bet 'e is," he said, firmly; "but I don't see 'ow it makes much odds, we got 'im 'ere, and 'e don't leave till he planks down one 'undred and fifty sovereigns. King or no king, them's my terms. Perhaps you'd like to think it over?" he added to Mr. Jenkins, and without waiting for a reply he withdrew with his companions to the upturned barrel.

It was not a pleasant situation to think over. It was evident that they were in some more or less secret cave in the cliffs near Seacliff, and their captors were the type of men who spent their time by picking up what they could on the beach in the intervals of being in prison. Cool bird was stamped on each man's face, and their leader was certainly not the type of man to be played with.

Mr. Jenkins looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock; the next day he must be back in the City. He had pictured to himself a merry scene on 'Change when he related his adventures to a select circle of friends. He had the newspaper cuttings and a letter from the mayor to back up his story. It would have been the joke of the year.

Somehow it did not appear to be such a joke now. Bramber, losing all self-restraint, was telling him he must come to terms with their captors. To be handed over to the Anarchists would be certain death to both of them; beside, it was imperative that he (Bramber) should be in the City early on the morrow.

"But I haven't got fifty pounds, much less a hundred and fifty, on me," declared Jenkins, irritably, "and we've got our hotel bill to settle."

"I've got twenty on me, which I'll lend you," said Bramber, with distinct emphasis on the "lend."

Jenkins sighed, and called out to Mr. Werington.

"Goin' to pay up?" asked that gentleman genially, as he approached.

"We'll pay what we can," faltered the stockbroker. "We'll give you all we have with us—that amounts to sixty-five pounds ten shillings."

"Won't do!" declared their captor, sharply. "One 'undred an' fifty pounds, I said, an' one 'undred and fifty pounds it shall be. You can give me a cheque, and one o' my men shall go and cash it while you wait 'ere."

"The capital of Alfornia is some distance away," broke in Mr. Bramber. "It's a four-days' journey and the fare isn't cheap."

"But you said you wasn't the king," said Mr. Werington, turning to the stockbroker with a somewhat anxious air.

"More I am; but that's the only place where you'd get any money—I've none. If you could convince the king's bankers that you held the king you might get paid—if you weren't executed. They've funny ways out there."

The leader turned to his companions. They, without exception, suggested that their prisoners should be searched, all their money taken from them, and allowed to go. The alternative course was too risky. Mr. Werington hesitated for some time—he had a mind above his colleagues—but in the end the "bird in the hand" policy prevailed; and the two City men, having been robbed of everything of value, were blindfolded and led what seemed a terrific distance, then, when suddenly finding themselves free, they pulled the bandages from their eyes, they found they were at the extreme end of the promenade, which was deserted.

They stole back to their hotel very quietly, and explained their absence by stating they had been for a long walk and got lost. They would not have had the true state of affairs made public for twice the amount they had lost. Mr. Bramber had a wife and Mr. Jenkins had his pride to think of.

Both men spent several hours in searching for bombs; but none were found, so it is to be presumed that the plan to obtain an entry into the hotel failed.

They did not ask for their bill the next morning, as they had nothing wherewith to pay it; but, leaving the hotel as though to go for a quiet stroll, they hurried to the station and caught the London express, travelling third to avoid the possibility of meeting any fellow guests at the Grand.

Their luggage was redeemed by one of Mr. Jenkins's junior clerks, who enjoyed the trip to the seaside. He wired for twenty pounds more than his employer had given him to enable him to settle the account. Mr. Bramber stedfastly refused to put up any more than the twenty pounds he had paid to the enterprising longshoreman, who disappeared from his usual haunts for some weeks.

It is still a great puzzle to many people how King Paul of Alfornia could have been officially reported to have spent Easter in Paris, when they can swear to having seen him at Seacliff at that period.

Mr. Jenkins, of the London Stock Exchange, and the staid Mr. Bramber, maintain a discreet silence.

The Colonial Girl

Some Impressions of a Susceptible Subaltern.

"How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away!" This, I think, is the spirit in which any man whose good fortune it has been to know the Colonial girl, from Montreal to Melbourne, from Christchurch to Cape Town, must approach the question of the rival merits and charms of the various types of Colonial maiden.

Indeed, there can be no thought of comparison—one does not seek to appraise angels.

I have skated and tobogganned with her of Canada; have hunted and sat on the stoep with her of South Africa; have ridden and danced the night-long through with her of Australia; and I have wandered (nervously) amidst the geysers with her of New Zealand. Each was peerless in her way, each commanded (and alas! contemned) the entire devotion of a susceptible heart.

Canadian girls excel at sports and games.

But, of course, if all Colonial girls are knit together by the common bond of imperial sisterhood, they have their individual traits and characteristics, and I shall endeavour first of all to do justice to the particular and manifold charms of Canada's fair (or dark) daughters. Seldom is it that a British regiment goes to Canada without its officers' mess being decimated by marriage. And it is easy to understand why. For the Canadian girl combines in herself well-nigh everything that makes woman lovable. But her fascination is as difficult to describe as it is deadly to masculine hearts.

It is as real yet as elusive as the indefinable charm of the well-bred Frenchwoman.

And indeed it is the strain of French blood that flows in so many Canadian families that makes their daughters so captivating.

The Canadian girl has the *chic* of a Parisienne, the dash of a "Cigarette" combined with the blushing healthiness of an English rose and the winsomeness and housewifely qualities of the Scots lassies whom so many of them count amongst their ancestresses. And the Canadian girl is an ideal comrade. She is good at sports and games of all kinds, but she is never "mannish."

The South African maiden is usually big and strong.

On the other hand, if essentially and delightfully womanly she is never "womanish." She strikes the happy mean between the rather aggressive athleticism of the modern English girl and the hysterical foolishness of the Early Victorian young lady. Physically, she is usually short, plump, mobile of feature, bright of eye.

Just as the French strain in the Canadian girl distinguishes her markedly from her English sister, so the Dutch blood in the Cape Colony maiden gives her her distinctive *cachet* or hall-mark.

She is usually big, broad-hipped, broad-bosomed, something of an Amazon, though phlegmatic rather than fiery. But she is strong. I remember, soon after arriving at Cape Town, being invited to a dance at a private house, and thus making the acquaintance of a typical Cape damsel. I have never forgotten her. I was her partner in a set of "kitchen" lancers. I do not know the name of the figure, but the one I have in mind is where four couples cross hands and dance round in a circle. In this figure in "kitchen" lancers the correct thing to do is to try and swing your partner off her feet.

I tried this manœuvre, but with unexpected results. Instead of my swinging her off her feet she swung me off mine, and in the astonishment of the moment I let go and disappeared headlong through a fortunately open window.

It is related too of the typical Cape girl that a very short officer was once leading her downstairs to dinner, when he was heard to exclaim in anguished accents "Take my arm, take my arm." The young lady was rather absent-minded and had got him round the neck! However, I do not wish to make the Cape girl out a giantess, though she is usually what our ancestors termed a "fine woman," a characteristic which becomes more pronounced as one goes north towards the Transvaal, for the Transvaal girl if reputed "slim" by nature is certainly not so in figure.

The Natal girl on the other hand differs little from her English sister, except that like all Colonial girls she is freer and easier in speech and demeanour.

But the typical South African girl takes after her Dutch ancestors, and therefore is built on generous lines, and is a born housewife, but in her changed environment has become far more of a sportswoman than her great-great-great-grandmother ever was.

A miserable misogynist once said of the Australian girl that her chief characteristics were a bad complexion and a Cockney accent.

Well, it is true that a *natural* pink-and-white complexion is something of a rarity under the Southern Cross. And there is some foundation for the story that an Australian girl once said to a startled A.D.C., who was hesitating between the rival claims of home-made cake and grapes, "Oh, Captain Sabretasche, won't you try my cike first and have the gripes afterwards!" But on the whole the Australian girl, secure in her particular charms of pliant, lissome figure, delightful vivacity, and peerless horsemanship (let the "bull" pass), can afford to laugh at such libels on her attractive and bracing personality.

Australia is noted for its peerless horsewomen.

The New Zealand girl is perhaps the finest specimen of womanhood under the British flag—the "All Blacks" showed us what the New Zealand mother must be—and every girl in New Zealand is a princess and treated as such.

Nowhere, not even in America, have women such respect paid to them as in New Zealand, for if in America woman is treated more or less as a goddess she has to remain on her pedestal, but in New Zealand woman, though still a goddess, is encouraged to share to the full her mankind's life and work. And the New Zealand girl is usually good-looking and attractive beyond the ordinary, and exacts from her mankind the highest standard of mental, physical, and moral soundness.

The New Zealand girl is treated as a goddess.

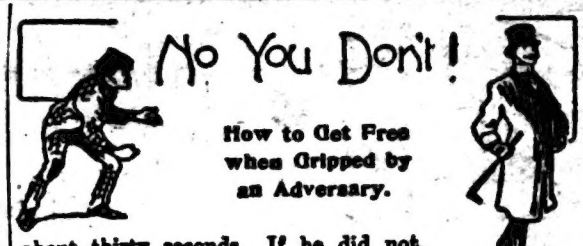
Speaking in general terms the chief characteristics of the Colonial girl are a complete absence of affectation and artificiality, a charming spirit of *camaraderie*, a usually most attractive person, splendid health, and if not a very intellectual at all events an eminently sane and wholesome outlook on life, with a corresponding influence for good upon her men folk.

And so hats off to the future mothers of the Empire!

A QUESTION recently asked by a correspondent on "Page 16," as to how he could best free himself when unexpectedly gripped by an assailant, has led to a crop of interesting letters from people who have made a study of the art of self-defence.

Fortunately the experience of being violently hugged against one's will is not of very frequent occurrence; at all events, in this country. Nevertheless, with cheerful hooligans on the prowl in most of our big cities, it is as well to be prepared for emergencies, so perhaps the following hints on the subject may be welcome to readers of *P. W.*

The simplest way to free oneself when gripped round the waist from behind, is to catch hold of one's assailant's two little fingers and bend them back. The most hardy hooligan will yield to this treatment in about thirty seconds. If he did not, one could easily break his fingers.



How to Get Free when Gripped by an Adversary.

Another method which has the advantage of placing one's adversary more or less *hors de combat*, is illustrated in the picture below.

On being embraced, the assaulted man should immediately make a sharp backward kick on his opponent's shin. With a muttered exclamation of "Bother!" or some similar remark, the latter will at once move back his foot. The man who is being held should then drop on one knee, at the same time coming up with his hands and catching his opponent by the neck. Rounding his back, he should follow this move with a sharp pull, which will have the effect of throwing the incautious assailant to the ground, with sufficient force to give him a distaste for such amusements in the future.

An alternative method is for the victim to hook his right foot round the calf of his adversary's leg and then throw himself backwards. In the subsequent collision with the pavement, the gentleman who has attacked him comes off second best (see first picture).

Should the assault be made from in front, an immediate release may be obtained by placing the right hand either against the hooligan's forehead or under his chin, and pushing back his head. Unless he is anxious for a broken neck, he will be compelled to abandon his embrace without delay. Our last picture makes this style of defence clear.

NOT TAKING RISKS.

SHE went by boat from Newcastle-on-Tyne to London. It was the first time she had ever travelled so far by sea. She reached her destination jaded and tired out. Her hostess remarked it and said she looked fatigued.

"Yes," said the voyager, "I am just tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the notice in my cabin about how to put the lifebelt on, and I thought I understood it. I suppose I didn't, though. Some way or other I could not get a wink of sleep with the thing on, and I was afraid to take it off."

FIRST TRAMP: "Say, Bill, wot's a chiropodist?"

Second Tramp: "A chirrupodist? Vy—ee's a cove wot teaches canaries to vistle, o' course!"

HE (waltzing): "How slippery this floor is. It's hard to keep on your feet."

She: "Oh, you're really trying to keep on my feet, then, are you? I thought it was merely accidental."

Two visitors in the country were disturbed one night by the hideous howls of a prowling dog. "Isn't that a sign of death, Tom?" asked one mournfully.

"Yes," replied the other savagely; "it is if I can get hold of a gun!"

MRS. PERKINS (on a visit to the draper's): "I will take this."

Clerk (to assistant, in a loud voice): "Cash!"

Mrs. Perkins: "Look here, young man, you needn't shout at me like that! Can't you give me time to take out my purse?"

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a young maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of an editor, "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now, tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?"

"Paying the staff," said the editor.

A REMINDER.

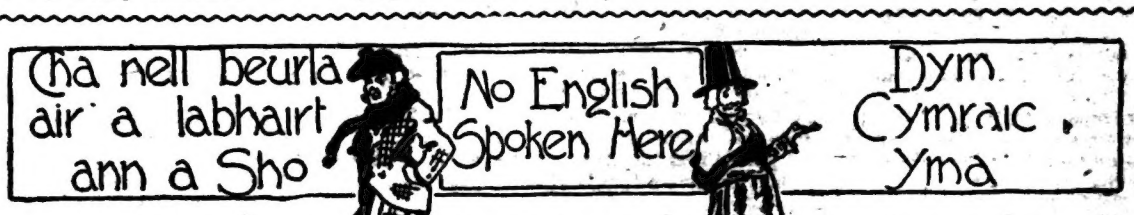
IN the countinghouse of a certain City office, usually closed at six o'clock, the office-boy—not a new one, either—has been known, like others of that fraternity, to occasionally forget to do those things which he ought to have done, and the manager has at last had to impress upon him the advisability of making a note of anything important on a memorandum form, and keeping it in a conspicuous place as a reminder.

The other day a piece of paper was noticed pinned to the wall in front of the lad's desk, and, upon examination, it was found to bear the following: "Memorandum. Leave at six."

PRETTY CASHIER: "You might give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."

Manager: "Why do you think so?"

Pretty Cashier: "The men are beginning to count their change."



To the vast majority of the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who see on the bookstalls and in newsagents' shops nothing but English books, English newspapers, English magazines and weeklies, it will doubtless come as a surprise that there are many districts of the United Kingdom, especially in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where the English language is hardly ever spoken, and that in some parts of the country more than half the inhabitants do not even understand the English tongue.

In all big centres of population, English, of course, is almost universally spoken, but in many outlying country districts the old traditions, the ancient languages still flourish.

Take the case of Wales. In two counties, Cardigan and Merioneth, more than one half of the whole population speak Welsh only. In Carnarvon and Anglesey the proportion of Welsh speaking people is nearly one-half. In these four counties another 40 per cent. speak Welsh as well as English, so we are left with less than ten per cent. of the whole population who do not speak the Welsh tongue. That is to say, in the four counties, Anglesey, Cardigan, Merioneth, and Carnarvon, nine people out of every ten you meet will be able to speak fluently in Welsh, and one out of every two will not understand English at all!

Irish speaking people more than equal the population of these three counties.

It is difficult to realise that in the United Kingdom where, according to commonly accepted notions, everyone speaks English, there are whole counties in which nine out of ten people speak a language which you and I do not understand.

The actual percentages for the county of Merioneth at the Census of 1901 were: Welsh only, 50·6; both English and Welsh, 43·1; English only, 6·2.

The map in the next column shows by the shading the proportion of people in each county of Wales who can speak the Welsh tongue. It will be seen that Radnor has the largest proportion of English-speaking people, whilst, curiously enough, Pembroke on the west comes next. The explanation of Pembroke's anomalous position is, first, the number of English employed at the great dockyards, and, secondly, the fact that in the reign of Henry I. a colony of Flemish settled in this county. Their descendants have absorbed English ideals and traditions—rather than the language and ways of their Welsh neighbours—to such an extent, indeed, that the part of the county in which they reside has come to be known as "little England beyond Wales."

The shading indicates what proportion of the inhabitants of the Welsh counties speak Welsh. Less than half of these speak English as well.

Taking into consideration the tremendous advantages of the English language in business, and the cheapness of English literature, it is to the credit of the Welsh that they have clung so tenaciously to their own tongue. But as younger generations grow up and travel about more, there is little doubt that the use of Welsh will gradually die out.

Here is one fact which bears out this statement: A much greater proportion of the old than of the young speak Welsh now. Taking the whole population of Wales and Monmouthshire, 30 per cent. of those over the age of 65 speak Welsh only; whereas of those between the ages of 15 and 25 the proportion is only 10 per cent.

Gaelic, of course, is the tongue spoken in the outlying parts of Scotland. In Sutherlandshire, and Ross and Cromarty over 70 per cent. of the population speak Gaelic. Even in Argyllshire and Inverness-shire, the proportion is over 50 per cent., but in the more southerly counties of Scotland, Gaelic is almost unknown. And the total number of Gaelic speaking people in Scotland is only 5·6 per cent of the whole population.

A million people speak Welsh, equal to the population of these three counties.

Then in Ireland we have the Irish language, spoken by nearly 15 per cent. of the people of the country; and in the Isle of Man, the Manx language is still in common use in the country districts.

Altogether, there are over one million persons in Wales who speak Welsh, 640,000 persons in Ireland who speak Irish, a quarter of a million Scots who speak Gaelic, and five thousand Manx men who speak Manx.

Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, and Manx are all the languages of native-born peoples. So, for many reasons, one cannot but view with regret their gradual decay and probable extinction—so far as the daily life of the people is concerned—within the next century.

If you have forgotten to post that letter, get your wife this week's HOME NOTES, and she will forgive you.

HOW NOVELISTS HAVE PEOPLED THE PLANETS

They nearly all contradict each other.

BESIDES the earth, there are in the solar system five other worlds that might conceivably be inhabited by sentient beings more or less remotely akin to ourselves. These are, Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and the moon.

But the most likely of them all to be really and truly *peopled*, is the first named. Consequently it is as regards this particular planet that speculation in this direction has been most rife.

Scientists, as is their nature, are cautious in the extreme. Professor Ball, for instance, will only admit that if oxygen be a constituent of the atmosphere of Venus, and if water be present on its surface, then "we may expect to find in that planet life of a kind perhaps analogous in some respects to life on the earth."

Story-writers of the type of Mr. H. G. Wells, however, have given more rein to their imaginations. Thus, Mr. John Munro, in "A Trip to Venus," introduces us to a race of god-like beings, dwelling in garden-cities of immense extent, and which are adorned with tropic trees,

One author thinks that Venus is inhabited by fleas as big as elephants.

fountains, and statuary. The Venusian women are depicted as being especially beautiful and graceful, so that the hero of the story promptly falls in love with one of them. But he is enticed back to the air-ship, and taken to Mercury, which planet he depicts as being "peopled" with huge flying dragons, monstrous, misshapen, malevolent.

The late Mr. George Griffith, in "A Honeymooon in Space," has also introduced us to the Venusians as he conceives them. They are "half bird, half human, with soft downy feathers," and they fly as easily, and as gracefully as they walk. On the other hand, Mr. Fred Jane, the author of "To Venus in Five Seconds," depicts the planet as being inhabited by fleas as big as elephants. These creatures, which he designates "Thotheen," dominate all else that live on Venus, being not only immensely strong, but also enormously clever.

Edwin Pallander, again, in that weird nightmare of a novel, "Across the Zodiac," has it that the planet has evolved a "Flower Kingdom"; in place of an "Animal Kingdom," as is the case here on earth. Gigantic roses struggle with mastodons—and conquer them. Vast reptile-like cacti lie in wait to entrap the unwary. The vicious Venusian violets snarl and snap; the Venusian primroses purr or scratch, according to whether they are pleased or irritated. And so on.

And as it is with Venus, so it is with the other supposedly habitable planets and planetoids. In fact, the contradictoriness of the story-tellers of this particular type, is only surpassed by the fertility of their invention, which is boundless. In his "First Men in the Moon," for instance, Mr. Wells describes the Lunarians—whom he christens "Selenites"—as ant-like men, about five feet high, with scaly bodies and tentacles in place of hands. But this is all wrong, according to Griffith, whose mythical hero, Lord Redgrave, found the moon "people" to more nearly resemble "blind, hairless apes, bald, livid and grey." While Edwin Pallander, in "Across the Zodiac," gives us to understand that they have the bodies of men and the heads of monkeys, and are, moreover, thirty or forty feet tall. Apparently, too, these extraordinary denizens of a dead world wear foot-coverings like unto our own, for he makes one of his characters discover upon the moon's surface "large unmistakable footprints—hobnailed boots with square toes."

For sheer unadulterated mysteriousness this beats all to pieces Robinson Crusoe's similar discovery on his "uninhabited" island; and the worst of it is that, unlike Defoe, Mr. Pallander vouchsafes us no explanation of the weird occurrence.

Finally it should be mentioned that the inimitable Jules Verne—who was, of course, the primary inventor of this type of romance—is perfectly certain that there is no life whatever on the moon's surface, or within it. True, he does not make his adventurous voyagers land upon the satellite; they simply sail round it, it will be remembered: but they see enough to convince them that it is both uninhabited and uninhabitable.

Perhaps the best imaginary description of Saturn and its supposed denizens is that given by Mr John Jacob Astor—the American millionaire—in his very interesting "Journey in Other Worlds." He imagines the planet to be peopled by spirits, who float impalpably about in space, but who are yet gifted with the power of materializing themselves at will. They are described as very wise, dignified, and grave; men and women in whom the emotions, as we know them, are dormant or dead.

Mr. Griffith goes to the opposite extreme. He describes the Saturnians as huge ape-like creatures,

In "A Journey in other Worlds," Mr. Astor makes two of his characters go for a tortoise ride on Jupiter.

hairy, brutal, of immense strength, cunning, treacherous, malignant. Edwin Pallander's mythical hero also effected a landing on "the ringed world," which he found in about the condition our earth is supposed to have been in during the carboniferous period. No trace of any living creature resembling man was found, but reptile life abounded, and strange, uncouth winged monsters darted viciously at the explorers from the depths of the all-enveloping forests.

A similar state of affairs also prevails, according to Mr. Astor, on Jupiter. But there insects dominate all other forms of life. These have developed into creatures of vast size, and of terrible aspect. For example, an ant is encountered which is "almost the exact counterpart of the African soldier-ant magnified many hundred thousand times." The armour of these terrible creatures is in places three or four feet thick, and with their mandibles they can bite an elephant in halves as easily as an earth-ant can a blade of grass.

Worse still are the flying insects, with a swarm of which the party has a veritable battle royal. These, Mr. Astor describes as resembling dragons. "Many," he says, "were thirty to forty feet in length, with huge and terribly long, sharp claws, and jaws armed with gleaming batteries of teeth." They possessed lungs, too, and their breath was poisonous.

Mr. Griffith opines that the planet is in a molten state, and that there can be, therefore, no organic life thereon of any kind whatever. Ganymede, however, one of Jupiter's three moons, was visited by his mythical hero, Lord Redgrave, who found it densely populated by a fine race of men and women, whose existence was passed in glorified hot-houses; whole cities, and fields, too, being under glass.

Astor's airship, the "Callisto," also visited Ganymede, although no landing was effected. The crew, however, had from her deck a clear view of the gigantic satellite's surface, which is described as possessing an atmosphere, and continents and oceans of large area. Habitable, it most certainly is, suggests the "Callisto's" mysterious captain; but whether inhabited or no is another question.

But it is with regard to "our neighbour" Mars, that the wildest theories have been broached, and this although Professor Ball distinctly negatives the idea of its having any inhabitants at all.

Enormous ants with armour four feet thick rule Jupiter, at least, so says Mr. Astor.

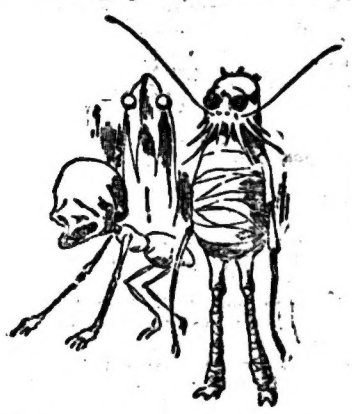
Everybody remembers, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds," and the hideous monsters he therein pictured as the Martians; "boilers on stilts," to quote one of his characters, "boilers on stilts a hundred feet high."

These, however, were, as it appeared presently, merely the artificial bodies which the Martians created for themselves, so to speak. Inside, were the true living creatures, huge misshapen lumps of jelly-like protoplasm, with immensely long tentacles taking the place of arms and legs, and a brain that dominated all else.

The creatures were like to have exterminated mankind by means of their terrible heat ray and a mysterious, subtle poison, but after a few weeks on earth their existence is cut short. They are slain, one and all, by the pathogenetic bacteria of our atmosphere, against which their systems had not become inured by centuries of exposure, as have ours. Dead, they appear even more horrible than alive. In fact, Mr. Wells has evolved in his Martians the essence of a nightmare of things horrible.

On the other hand, the eminent French astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, has made them out to be (in "Urania") but little lower than the angels. "The inhabitants of Mars," he tells us, "are infinitely superior to those of the earth, by their organisations, by the number and delicacy of their senses, and by their intellectual faculties."

In "A Plunge into Space," by Robert Cromie, the people of Mars are represented as not unlike the earth folk, except that they are shorter, and have somewhat larger heads. Griffith, on the other hand, makes them taller and bigger, with faces like wax and all cast in the same mould. While Hugh McColl, in "Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet," introduces us to a race that almost exactly resembles our own both in build and general appearance, save that their skins are of a delicate semi-transparent azure.



The moon is peopled by ant-like men according to H. G. Wells, but George Griffith tells us that blind apes live there.

Everyone who wishes to emulate St. George should go to Jupiter, where fiery dragons dwell.

M. A. P.—bright, witty, sparkling. All about everything and everybody, and a mine of information. The champagne of journalism.

An Account of Some Curious Collisions.

The recent lamentable collision between the destroyer *Tiger* and the cruiser *Berwick* off Portsmouth is easily attributed to the pitch darkness in which the manœuvres were conducted. Other extraordinary collisions that have taken place during the past few years, however, have not been so easily accounted for.

One of the oddest accidents on record occurred at Pound Creek, New Jersey, some months ago. A train laden with holiday-makers was crossing the trestle bridge across the river, when a huge mud scow swept by the flood-tide smashed against the carriages. Every footboard was torn away, and the windows smashed.

The miracle is that the train was not upset altogether and thrown into the creek. As it was, there was an ugly panic, and a number of people were badly hurt in rushing for the doors at the ends of the long American cars.

This may be, as American papers boast, the first instance on record of a train and boat colliding; but a collision which happened at Portsmouth a few years ago was in every way far more strange.

A night attack by torpedo destroyers was in progress. Many readers have seen Portsmouth Harbour and know how narrow is the entrance. A destroyer, with all lights out, was tearing along from the West, keeping as close to the shore as possible to avoid the flare of the moving search-lights, when suddenly the full blaze of a light fell right across her deck. Blinded by a glare, the steersman turned too soon. Instead of entering the harbour mouth, the long, lean craft dashed at full speed up the shelving beach, driving half her length out of water.

RAN INTO AN ISLAND.

A road runs along the beach, and a cyclist happened to be spinning along it at the very moment. The black bows suddenly shot across his path, and his machine hit them so that he fell off. He is certainly the only cyclist in the world who ever collided with a vessel of His Majesty's Navy.

Ships sometimes collide with icebergs, but it does not fall to the lot of every vessel to run into a floating island. This is what happened to the three thousand-ton tramp *Vigo* off the mouth of the Orinoco. The area of the island is said to have been nearly half an acre, and the ship crashed into the very middle of it before she could be stopped. Fortunately, the only thing damaged was the island.

Collisions with fish are less rare, but some odd accidents of the kind are on record. The big Japanese cruiser *Takachiho*, when off Korea, in March, 1904, ran straight into an enormous whale. She was doing eighteen knots at the time, and the shock was so heavy that almost every man of the crew was knocked down. The unlucky whale was nearly cut in two.

Trains occasionally perform strange antics. The Cambrian Railway was the scene of a very odd collision a few months ago. A heavy goods train was leaving Abermule Station when in some way the last four waggons became uncoupled. As it was pitch dark, the driver did not at first notice his loss. When he did he slackened speed. Almost at once the lost waggons, which had gained terrific speed down a long incline, dashed into the rear of his train. Three men were killed, and the damage was very extensive.

WHEN ENGINES COLLIDE.

One horse-box was thrown off its wheels into an adjacent field, yet its occupants, men and horses, were unhurt. This train actually collided with itself.

The freakish results of railway collisions are notorious. Not long ago two trains met end on near Chicago. The engine of one was left balanced right on top of the other engine in such a way that the weight of one man was enough to set the ponderous bulk of the top locomotive gently swinging. In another case a small shunting engine met a huge steam plough, and, aided by the slant in front of the plough, ran right up on top of it. It was lifted down with a crane, neither locomotive being much the worse.

For a sequence of collisions, it would be very difficult to beat the following: One spring day a char-a-banc, with eight passengers, ran into a bank and upset on the road near St. Denis. An officer drilling soldiers near by dispatched a man to fetch a doctor.

The soldier galloped off in a frantic hurry, and rode straight into a heavy dray. His horse was killed, and he was pitched nearly thirty feet. The driver of the dray was knocked out of his cart and run over. The dray horse bolted, and smashed into an electric tram-car, breaking up the dray. At the smash a cab horse took fright and ran away, running into a van. In all ten people were badly hurt.

How I Climbed the Ladder—3

By Sir EDWARD CLARKE, K.C., the Celebrated Barrister.

M.P. City of London, January to June, 1906.

Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn.

1901.

Jameson Raid case.

1891.

Solicitor-General, 1886 to 1892.

Knighted (1886).

Married Kathleen Matilda, daughter of A. W. Byrant.

Baccarat case

Bartlett case.

M.P. for Plymouth for twenty years.

1881.

Became Q.C.

M.P. Southwark. Defeated same year, but elected for Plymouth.

Pehge case and Detective case. First success.

1871.

Married Annie (dec. 1881), daughter of G. Mitchell

On literary staff of MORNING HERALD and STANDARD.

One of the Founders of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union.

Writer in India Office.

One of the founders of the National Union of Conservative Associations.

Barrister Lincoln's Inn.

Published "Law of Extradition."

1861

Left school.

Educated—College House, Edmonton; City Commercial School, Lombard Street; City of London College; and King's College Evening Classes.

Tutored Law Student.

First A A. Oxford.

Prizeman in English Literature at First Examination of Society of Arts.

1851.

Born London, 15 February, 1841 Eldest son of J. G. Clarke, jeweller, 15 King William Street.

1841.

Edward Clarke

Fines for the Final

How Anti-Swearing Clubs Visit the Crystal Palace Gratis.

By WILLIAM McGREGOR, Founder of the League.

There are in Birmingham a considerable number of public-house anti-swearing clubs. They serve a good purpose, doubtless, for one can scarcely believe that any member would deliberately set himself to swear in the interests of his fellow-members. Only the swearers are fined; those who do not swear reap the benefit.

There is a doubtful kind of morality in this if you look at it from a strict standpoint, but, generally speaking, the effect is good. At any rate, the man who swears, and regards it as a luxury to do so, has to pay for that luxury. The weak point of the principle is that someone else benefits by his bad language.

It reminds one of the story of a swearing club not connected with football. The fines inflicted in connection with this club went to a local hospital, and one member was interrupted in the outpouring of a regular flood of forcible expletive. "What on earth is he anathematising like that for?" said one. "Oh," said another, with indifference, "he's swearing a new wing on the Children's Hospital."

These Birmingham anti-swearing clubs are mostly run in connection with licensed houses, and the rules are strict. They apply mainly to Sunday nights. There is a fine for swearing at all times, but the fine which brings in most money is that which is levied when a member makes allusion to football at the Sunday night meeting.

BY SALOON TO LONDON.

Now, considering what a whole-hearted football enthusiast the average Birmingham man is, it will be readily seen how easily he may fall into a trap. If one says to another, "Bache played a fine game yesterday, didn't he?" the box is put before him, and he has to pay his fine.

"It was a fine day for the match yesterday, wasn't it?" is a query quite sufficient to justify his fellow-member in demanding the amount of the fine.

It is on record that one member went into the clubroom, and, as he was entering the door, said, "Well, don't let us talk about football." His lips were just in the room.

A fellow-member heard the word "football" used, and the box was put under his chin.

"Well, I'll be ——," said he with genuine indignation. "Why, I was only saying we should have to drop the subject of football now, and I get fined."

"Yes," replied the stern officer, "there are three fines due. You mentioned something about the game when you came in, then you swore, and then you mentioned the game again in excusing yourself."

The money obtained in this way is spent in taking the members to the Crystal Palace to see the Cup Final. It matters not to them who the teams concerned may be. If Aston Villa are there, so much the better, but they go every year to the Final. So earnest are they, and so far ahead do they look, that several officials of these clubs some months ago deposited two sovereigns with a railway agent, which sum secured them a saloon for Cup Final day.

CIGARS AND DRINKS EN ROUTE

In several societies last year the fines amounted to sufficient to pay for the railway fares to and from London, the members' tickets for reserved seats at the match, a drive from Euston to the Crystal Palace by coach, and reasonable refreshment during the day.

Their idea of reasonable refreshment, too, would seem to most of us to savour of affluent luxury. They store in their saloon an excellent cold collation, with all the drinks and cigars they may require on the up journey, and there is also a good feed for the return journey.

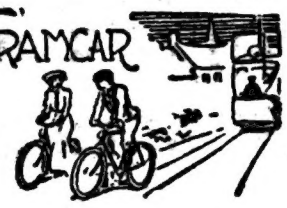
Some parties even go to the length of hiring a piano, which remains in the saloon for the day, and is useful in whiling away the time during the railway journeys. Even when all these expenses, amounting to probably a sovereign a head, have been paid, there often remains enough to pay a bonus of a few shillings a member. Then the swearing club begins again in view of next year's Cup Final.

There was a case two years ago in which the secretary of one of these clubs bolted with all the funds about a week before the date of the Final. The members had to forego their official trip that day, but many of them went unofficially—and much less ostentatiously.

And so swearing helps to provide many enthusiasts with an enjoyable outing, and also helps to swell the attendances at the Cup Final games. One cannot recommend the mere swearing; but if men do swear it is as well that they should be fined, and if they are fined it is as well that the money should be so sensibly spent.

W McGregor

RUN OVER by a TRAMCAR



By One Who Has Experienced It.

MOST cyclists meet with accidents during their career, but I believe that the one which happened to a young lady and myself is the most exceptional of them all. We were run over by an electric tramcar, yet both of us are still alive to tell the tale.

We set out on one of the fine, summer-like mornings of last Easter for a day's cycling trip. A little over three miles from home we came to a newly-opened extension of an electric tramway. The sides of the road were unfinished and heaped with stones, so that no cyclist could venture upon them and expect to avoid punctures. It was necessary, therefore, for us to ride between the tram-lines—an unattractive expedient, because the tar which covered the wood-blocks of the track had never been gravelled, and the sun had reduced it to a half-melted condition.

The effort caused my own machine to skid.

However, we rode along with care, and I had just begun to think the track not so treacherous as it looked, when suddenly, as we were descending a hill, I saw that my companion's machine was slipping on the greasy surface. Instinctively, I seized her arm to save her from falling.

Disaster followed. The effort caused my own machine to slip, and in a flash we were over on the other track, falling as we went.

Up the hill an electric tramcar was racing towards us. Unless the driver of the tramcar braked instantly there was no hope for us, and I remember gasping to myself: "Oh, *why* doesn't he stop?"

We fell.

The driver did not stop. Perhaps it was that he lost his head, and, fascinated, watched us falling; I cannot tell. One instant I had that terrible picture of the road, the next the car had crashed into me, something struck me on the head, the sunlight was gone, and I was in darkness and agony underneath the car. I fully expected to be killed; death had seemed inevitable from the first.

There is a popular idea that when one is about to die one lives one's life through again in epitome. No such thing happened to me. It seemed as though I was being smashed about and torn to pieces, and my one thought was: "Why don't the wheels hurry up and finish the thing, instead of letting me get torn about like this?" Then the car jerked and seemed to stop, and my agony was suddenly swallowed up in concern for what had happened to Marjorie.

A sickly fear seized me that she was dead while I was still alive, and I called her name.

Then I heard voices. Someone cried: "Come and help to pull him out." And by slow degrees I was dragged into the sunlight. It seemed wonderful to see the sky again!

As they began to move me, I saw beneath the car, and there lay Marjorie, stretched out full length on the very back of the lifeguard. In some way she had got under the car first, on the near side, the lifeguard had picked her up, and I had followed. I had not been able to see her before, because I had been bent up with my back towards her. Other helpers speedily got her out. She was not dead, but dazed.

It is a curious thing that the possibility of our lives being saved by the lifeguard had never once entered my head. I knew that, in one pattern or another, lifeguards were fitted to every electric tramcar in the kingdom, and yet, until I actually saw Marjorie lying prone upon the thing, I had completely forgotten its existence.

To both of us it had seemed an eternity of darkness under the car. We learned afterwards that we had been dragged along for over twelve yards before the conveyance was brought to a standstill, so the length of our mental torture may be to some extent imagined.

The car crashed into me.

I was carried to the side of the road and propped against a fence. The pain in my thighs and head was intense; I felt certain I should never be able to walk again. Something was pouring down my face, just as if a bowl of water had been emptied over me, and I wondered vaguely whether my head was cut open. I put up my hand, and found that it was perspiration.

Just then they led Marjorie over and seated her beside me. She looked ghastly. Her face was deathly white, and her clothing torn to shreds; but, worst of all, her right arm hung limp and bleeding by her side. It was broken!

There was a crowd, of course. Everybody had got down from the car and flocked around us, but of this I was only dimly aware. Presently came the more distinct vision of a grimy face close to my own, and a piece of dirty orange pressed against my mouth. I suppose I had asked for water, and none could be obtained.

After some little while I was carried into an empty car, and we were taken to a doctor's house a mile or so away.

Of our agonised waiting there for the doctor, who was out, and of our subsequent conveyance by cab to a cottage hospital two miles in the opposite direction, nothing need be said. Suffice it that at the hospital we found (in the end) a doctor, who put Majorie's arm into a sling and pronounced my injuries to consist of nothing worse than very bad bruises and lacerations.

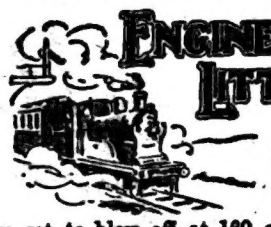
By slow degrees I was dragged out

But at the hospital one incident occurred which rather amused us afterwards, though we little appreciated it at the time. No doubt, the news of our accident had spread abroad, and had not lost in the spreading, for not long after our arrival a clergyman stepped sorrowfully in and came towards us. Clearly he had thought to help us on our last long journey, for he was quite disconcerted to find us still very much alive, and after murmuring a few lame words of congratulation on our wonderful escape, went hurriedly away.

Immediately after the accident we were, of course, far too shaken and dazed to bother about our machines, but later on we inquired after them, and were told they had been taken to the police-station. When at last we did see the cycles, we found they had not come off nearly so badly as one would have expected.

All's well that ends well, and at last we can look back on that morning's happenings with scarcely a tremor, though the smell of tar, which formerly both of us rather liked, now fills us with loathing.

ENGINE-DRIVERS LITTLE DODGES



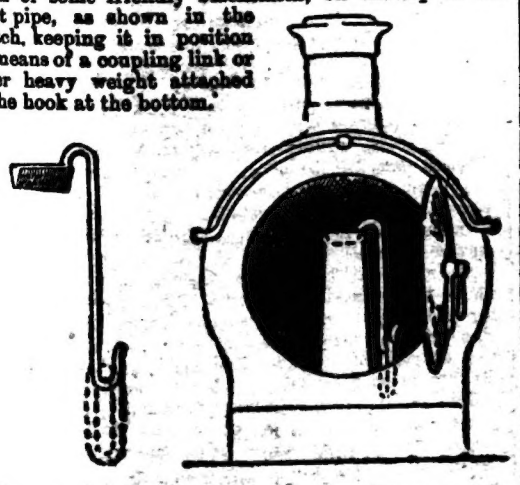
What they will do to increase the Speed of their Engines.

PROBABLY the duty most impressed upon engine-drivers is the necessity of keeping their trains up to time, and not a few dodges are resorted to by them to improve the working of the locomotive of which they are in charge.

Should the driver have care of a bad steaming engine, that is, one that will not make sufficient steam to pull its load, he makes use of a hooked contrivance, like that depicted.

As is well known, every puff the engine makes rushes up the exhaust or blast pipe, and then through the "chimney" into the atmosphere. The action of these puffs creates a vacuum in the smoke box, thus drawing the smoke and gases through the tubes and keeping a clear fire. Should the engine be backward in making sufficient vacuum, it is obvious that the fire will go dull, and the steam pressure will decrease.

To avoid this difficulty, the engineman places his contrivance, which is made of steel and is the handiwork of some friendly blacksmith, on the top of the blast pipe, as shown in the sketch, keeping it in position by means of a coupling link or other heavy weight attached to the hook at the bottom.



The result is that when the exhaust steam impinges against the instrument at the top, the blast is "sharpened," and an increase in steam pressure ensues.

Another remedy for bad steaming is partially to brick up the interior of the smoke box, although some of the more modern engines have contracted extension fitted to the blast pipe, which is operated from the "cabin" as necessity requires.

A notable feature of the locomotive, again, is the steam dome on which in many cases safety valves are fitted, being connected with a spring balance. These are set to blow off at 160 or 170 pounds per square inch, or whatever the safety limit of the boiler may be. Modern engines besides have a small or "lock-up" valve, which blows off at a few pounds more in excess of those at the dome. The "lock-up" valves cannot be tampered with, but not so the others.

In the case of these old engines with single dome valves, it sometimes happens that they are called upon in these days of four and six-wheeled bogie carriages to do the work of more modern engines, which can run at a pressure of 180 or even 200 pounds per square inch, and the result is that frequently the drivers are compelled to "doctor" the safety valve, so to speak.

The manner by which this is accomplished is shown here. In making the valve, it may be explained, a brass ferrule, indicated in the illustration by the cross, is cut and slipped over the spindle of the spring balance.

The lever is then put into position, and a round nut with a milled edge is screwed hard down on the top of the whole.

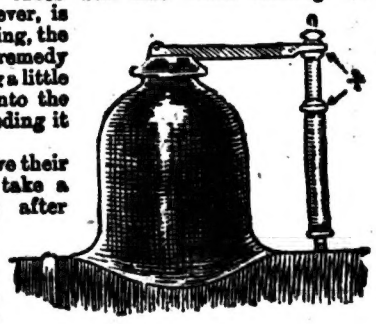
To "doctor" the valve, the driver waits till the engine is cold. Then by unscrewing the nut on the top, he can secure the working pressure he desires by cutting half an inch or so off the bottom of the ferrule.

Engines may perhaps run for months without this dodge being noticed. It is only when the engine is sent to the shop to have the boiler repaired or the valves tested that the dodge is discovered, and it isn't found out at all if the driver previously replaces the reduced ferrule by one of correct length.

It is a good thing that boilers are tested to stand a much higher pressure than they are supposed to work at, otherwise there might be more explosions. In the event of an accident of this description, caused by excessive pressure and thin boiler plates, there is usually nothing to show that the pressure limit has been exceeded, as the needle of the pressure gauge, even if that be spared, immediately returns to zero the moment pressure is relieved.

While talking of boilers, it may be added, that they behave very peculiarly at times. To all appearance they may look as tight as the proverbial bottle when starting out, yet before they have travelled twenty miles, they may be leaking like sieves. This may be due to bad designing, unequal expansion of the plates, or bad firing.

Leaving the fire door wide open with the blast full on, thus letting the cold air come into direct contact with the tubes will also cause leaking. If the leakage, however, is only a slight sweating, the driver will try to remedy the evil by putting a little bran or oatmeal into the tank water and feeding it into the boiler.



Most drivers have their own engines and take a pride in looking after them, but spare drivers may have to change about from one engine to another. Some drivers have been known to feign sickness at times rather than take out a particular engine, which has a bad name and needs a lot of humouring. But should this little dodge occur too frequently, they may speedily find themselves reduced to handling the shovel again.

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee . . . . . Corporation, Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Assets exceed £2,000,000.

The Corporation has paid over £6,000,000 in Claims.

Personal Accidents. *Employers' Liability.*
Fidelity Guarantees. *Fire and Burglary.*
Public Liability. *Excess Bad Debt.*
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

PEARSON'S PRIZES BIGGEST.

Ten Winners Divide £400.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 45.

OUR Limerick contests continue to maintain a steady popularity, and though they have now been conducted for almost a year, competitors prove themselves to be as witty and as original as ever in the composition of last lines.

This week the total available for distribution amongst the successful competitors is **£621.** Prizes are awarded to the senders of the ten lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original. The amount allocated for this purpose is **£400,** so that **£40** goes to each winning line. The remainder of the amount available, **£221,** is distributed in Consolation Gifts amongst other competitors whose efforts show merit, but who do not receive one of the large awards.

Our Limerick records, which are unrivalled by any other paper, are again most interesting. The grand total awarded by *Pearson's* now stands at **£75,344,** while the number of successful competitors is **23,132.**

Competitors are reminded of the arrangement by which *The Big Budget* also publishes details of our contests. Those who are unable to obtain another copy of *Pearson's Weekly* may secure an entry form by purchasing the current number of *The Big Budget.*

The unfinished Limerick was as follows:

A smart London coster named Bill
Was guiding his barrow down hill;
But to his dismay
The cart ran away

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

—Folk went out of their way, to please Bill.
J. E. EADE, 110 Cobden St., High Town, Luton, Beds.

—A "check" by first "post" "settled" Bill!
L. DALY, "The Glen," Royal Terrace, Eastbourne.

—He "shot over" turnips. Sport? Nil!
A. MOUNTAIN, 23 Scarisbrick New Road, Southport.

—He's received his last summons, has Bill.
H. S. PEMBERTON, 54 Buller Road, Leicester.

—All he met passed remarks—made by Bill!
CAPT. R. W. G. RUTHERFORD, 35 Dudley Avenue, Trinity, Leith.

—Folk were "struck" with his goods 'gainst their will.
W. R. BERESFORD, 8 Butts Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

—What he said quite dishonoured that Bill!
R. ROBERTS, H.M. Customs, Liverpool.

—There are many accounts, but no Bill.
C. E. R. BIGGIN, 504 Fulwood Road, Sheffield.

—"It's 'for hire,' so I'll 'let it,'" said Bill.
R. J. HART, 3 Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

—Bill, with all the cart's faults, loved it still.
J. CORNOL, 34 Osborne Street, Colchester, Essex.

List of 221 Recipients of £1 Consolation Gifts will be found on Page Three of Cover.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

On the front page of the cover you will find the entry form containing the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence,** and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly,* Henrietta Street, London, W.C. ☞ Mark your envelope "Knight" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, April 23rd.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form on the cover, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

All the money received (less ten per cent.) will be divided amongst the senders of the lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 43 must be made on or before Tuesday, May 12th.

The winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

The Limerick Verse and Entry Form will be found on front page of cover.

Had a most horrible fright.

THINGS TOMMY ATKINS MAY NOT DO.

THE recently-issued order of Lord Grenfell, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, forbidding cigarette-smoking under circumstances where pipes are allowed, adds one more to the long list of Army "crimes."

Civilians have no idea of the enormous number of seemingly harmless things Tommy Atkins is, or has been, forbidden to do.

Smoking of any kind in the streets, for instance, was a crime (all breaches of rules and regulations, it should be explained, are "crimes" in Army parlance) until comparatively recently. And to this day, in most garrison towns, Tommy is forbidden to carry parcels in the streets when in uniform.

Nor may the married soldier carry his child in his arms, or wheel it in a perambulator. To be caught carrying an umbrella is another serious crime, as is also wearing "cut-down" caps, or non-regimental (commonly called "square-pushing") boots, or generally in any way altering uniform clothing, contrary to regulations.

Not having the hair cut to the proper regulation length, again, is one of the commonest of Army crimes, as is also "neglecting to shave." And most people can remember the periodical rumpus that used to be caused, every St. Patrick's Day, through Irish soldiers being punished for wearing shamrock on their caps, or in their buttonholes.

In some ultra-smart corps even it is a crime for Tommy to presume to lace up his boots in any other fashion than the accepted regimental pattern. And in the same way he is liable to punishment if he carries, when "walking-out," any other cane than that supplied—on payment—by his superiors, and which has emblazoned on its burnished nickel-silver top the regiment's crest and motto.

"MADAM, I must request you to remove your hat," remarked the polite theatre attendant.

The lady smiled grimly.

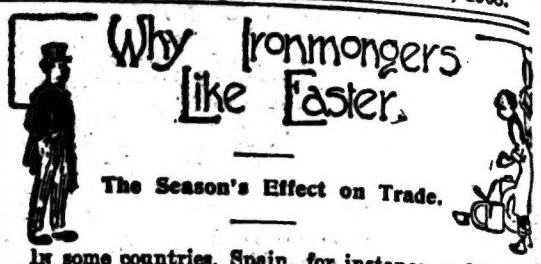
"Does my hat annoy the little man behind me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then you'll find it much easier to remove him."

ARAB (as Mr. and Mrs. Smith appear): "Sh! You vant a guide? I am the best guide in Algier! For five franc I take you to Arab *café,* veer Inglees not 'lowed. For ten franc I show ze street veer it is dangerous for ze Inglees for to go, and for twenty franc—eh!—I stand you on ze place veer ze last Inglees tourist vos got shot!"

Mr. and Mrs. Smith sailed by the next steamer.



The Season's Effect on Trade.

IN some countries, Spain, for instance, and Russia, Easter is a far more important festival than Christmas. In both countries the shops hardly open for a week, and everyone gives and receives presents.

Here, although the Church considers Easter fully the equal of Christmas, yet it is neither so long nor so expensive a holiday.

All the same, it means a great deal to trade. In the first place, Easter is distinctly the festival of new clothes. It is safe to say that one woman in three has at least a new hat for Easter, and nearly as many go in for new dresses. The milliner and dressmaker must receive an aggregate running into millions as the price of Easter finery.

Of late years, men have taken to new Easter garments almost as universally as their wives and sisters. New spring fashions in waistcoats and smart spring tweeds are everywhere visible. Every man who can afford to, renews his wardrobe at Easter. This is only natural, for Easter falls just when the weather changes from winter cold to sunshine, so tailors do almost as well as milliners at this season of the year.

The Easter flower trade is becoming more important year by year, and from the Scillies alone flowers pour in at the rate of twenty to thirty tons a day. The Channel Islands are sending four to five thousand boxes daily to the London market, and Covent Garden is overstocked with every kind of seasonable blossom.

RAILWAYS DO GOOD BUSINESS.

Nursery gardeners all over the country have a busy time of it supplying flowers, both cut and in pots, for Easter church decorations. Those beautiful "longiflorum" lilies sell for as much as twelve shillings a dozen, and successful growers make small fortunes.

The holiday business begins in earnest at Easter, and railways see a great increase of passenger traffic. Both railways and hotel-keepers pray for a fine Easter. To give some idea of what a dull, cold, or wet Easter means to the companies, it is worth mentioning that a recent wet Easter caused the week's receipts for English railway companies to fall £34,000 below the total of the previous fine year.

Fishing tackle-makers and sellers always have a sudden rush of business at Easter. Trout fishing begins on most rivers early in March; but Easter gives thousands of keen fishermen the chance of a few days on their pet streams, and tens of thousands of casts and flies, to say nothing of new rods, reels, lines, landing nets, and waders are ordered during the week just before Easter.

To the Jews Easter, or, rather, Passover, is far the most important festival of the year. We have about 120,000 Jews in this country, nearly double as many as there were thirty years ago, and the result is that Passover influences trade very considerably, especially in the East-End of London.

NEW POTS AND PANS FOR EASTER.

As most people are aware, no Jew may eat anything leavened during Passover week. This means that bakers are busy for weeks beforehand making the circular Passover cakes. To those who are too poor to afford a supply of these cakes, the United Synagogue distributes thousands of pounds' weight each Passover.

But the leaven restriction means more than the mere prohibition of ordinary bread. The Rabbis do not allow the consumption of any food which may have come in contact with leaven, or anything fermented. So the Jew, during Passover week, cannot use the kitchen utensils or crockery, which he has used all the year. This means extra business for the ironmonger and the china shop.

It has another effect. The rule against leaven means that all food and drink consumed during the week must be "Kosher"—that is, specially prepared so as to escape the slightest taint of leaven. Butter, for instance, must be specially churned in new churns. The dealers charge at least two shillings a pound for the special butter supplied during Passover. Other Kosher provisions are dear in proportion.

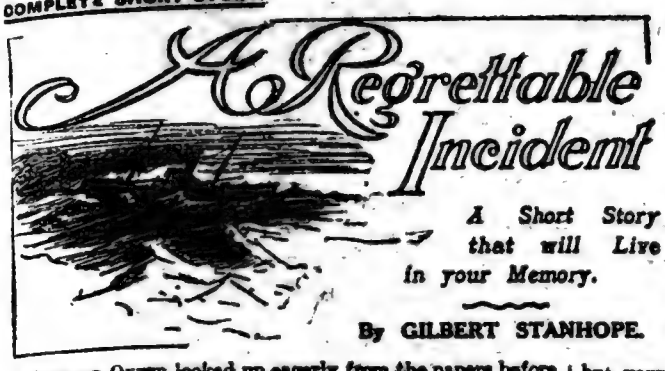
The fish trade is sharply stimulated, for nearly all Jews eat fish in large quantities during the great week, and comparatively little meat. Indeed, strict families subsist almost entirely on fish and eggs. Even working-class families will buy ten dozen or more eggs to see them through the week.

Still more remarkable is the fact that ordinary beer and spirits are forbidden, so Kosher spirits are prepared for the occasion. These are of very good quality, and much appreciated by others besides Jews.

Jews are even more particular than Christians about new clothes for the Passover, so East-end tailors and hosiers reap a good harvest at this time of year. Here, again, the wealthy Jews come to the aid of the poor. Every boy in the great school at Spitalfields receives a new suit and a pair of new boots as a Passover present from Lord Rothschild.

Some women it seems are most anxious for votes, but most are contented with reading HOME NOTES.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



By GILBERT STANHOPE.

RICHARD OXTER looked up eagerly from the papers before him on his office table as his young partner entered the room.

A nod from Debenham reassured him.

"It's all right," said Debenham calmly, "not the slightest breath of suspicion is about. The insurance people will pay up without a shadow of doubt. It was a smart idea of yours, Oxter. Those bales would have been written down a dead loss if this brilliant notion had not occurred to you."

"It couldn't have been done if our manager out there hadn't been pretty sharp. He saw to every detail of the shipment himself, he writes, and not a clerk in the office knows that the cargo that was insured as our most valuable fleeces consisted almost wholly of that spoiled stuff."

"And we make a pretty good haul out of it, even after allowing for the value of the vessel——"

"That's hardly worth mentioning——"

"Jolly unlucky, though, that the skipper and the crew should have gone down!"

Richard Oxter looked grave. He was a hard-featured man, with a crafty look in his eyes, but his manners were polished and urbane. Debenham, on the contrary, was curt and cynical. He was clean-shaven, already a little bald about the temples, and was always carefully, almost foppishly, dressed.

"It was a most regrettable incident!" said Richard Oxter. "One, however, for which we need not blame ourselves. If the *Stella Mary* had sunk in fair weather—as I hoped and trusted she would—the skipper and crew could have taken to the boats and been saved. I gave particular instructions that the boats should be good and of sufficient number——"

"You were always a humane man, Oxter," remarked Debenham, with an almost imperceptible sneer.

"Of course, we cannot be answerable for the vagaries of the wind and the weather. It is, I repeat, a most regrettable incident. . . . What is it, Robson?" For a whistle had come from the speaking-tube on his desk, and Oxter put the trumpet to his ear. "Mrs. Wilbur? Well, I suppose you had better let her come up. . . . It's the skipper's wife, Debenham—widow, I should have said. I can't refuse to see her. It's one of the disagreeable duties that must be gone through. Oddly enough, I was just going to suggest that, as we come out of it so well, we might make the widow a little present by way of consolation. What would you say to £200?"

"I'm quite agreeable. It would hardly make an appreciable difference to our shares when we divide, and, of course, it would look well."

"Just put the sherry and cigars out of sight, Debenham; we don't want her to think us heartless and indifferent."

"Always a humane man!" said Debenham, as he put the decanter and cigar-box into a cupboard.

Richard Oxter pulled into place the blotters, stamps, and letter-baskets in front of him. There was only one object on his table unconnected with his business, and that was a large photograph in a solid frame, the photograph of a young man with an open-hearted, frank expression, bearing no resemblance to Richard Oxter. Nevertheless, this was his only son.

The door opened to admit a sturdy little woman, in black, but not in widow's weeds. Her face bore traces of grief and anxiety.

Oxter came forward and shook her hand sympathetically. Debenham handed her a chair.

"Pray, be seated, Mrs. Wilbur," said Oxter. "I am afraid there is no necessity to ask the object of your visit, and I think I need hardly assure you of the deep sympathy we both——"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mrs. Wilbur, too agitated in mind to have any fear of the great man; "*do* you think it is absolutely hopeless? Need we *quite* despair? I can't seem to make up my mind that there's no hope. For boats are *sometimes* picked up, sir, aren't they, days and even weeks afterwards?—and newspaper gentlemen are *sometimes* mistaken in what they say——"

"I wish I could feel justified in holding out to you any hope, Mrs. Wilbur. Captain Wilbur was a man we highly esteemed (here the widow broke out in an irrepressible sob), and we hope to give you some practical proof of how much his sterling worth was appreciated . . . I should be only too glad if I could think there was any chance of his having escaped——"

"I hoped, sir," said Mrs. Wilbur, choking back her sobs, "that you might have some later news than what the papers say——"

"All the knowledge we have of the affair has been made public, Mrs. Wilbur," said Oxter. Debenham gave a little dry cough. "And the information supplied by the mate of the *Nautilus* leaves no opening for hope. He says that in a violent storm west of Torres Strait they saw a vessel foundering and signalling for help. They were in too great difficulties themselves to help, having lost their mainmast and much of the rigging. They saw a boat put out, but it was soon engulfed, for the waves were enormous. Then there came a great gust of wind with blinding rain and spray, and when they could see anything again the *Stella Mary* had disappeared. Spars and fragments of wreckage have been seen by passing vessels, but nothing will, I am much afraid, ever be heard of the *Stella Mary*."

"My poor Harry!" sobbed Mrs. Wilbur, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"There remains nothing for it but to resign ourselves to the will of an inscrutable Providence. It is not for us to dispute its decrees, however hardly they may press upon us——"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mrs. Wilbur suddenly, "how can I forgive myself? Here am I, in the selfishness of my great sorrow, forgetting entirely *your* terrible loss——"

"Our loss? Oh, you mean the ship—the money? It is not worth mentioning, Mrs. Wilbur. What is the loss of a few paltry thousands compared with that of such an excellent man as your husband?"

Mrs. Wilbur was staring at him strangely.

"It wasn't the money I was thinking of, sir but your son—your only son. Gracious Heavens! Is it possible that you don't know——"

"My son? I am glad to say there is nothing wrong with Dick. He is coming——"

Mrs. Wilbur rose from her seat trembling all over.

"But, sir, sir! He was on board the *Stella Mary*——"

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Wilbur. Heaven be thanked, there is no fear of that. I can't think what put this idea into your head. He had no intention of coming to England before the spring. I heard from him by last mail—no, not last mail, but that was because he was going for a little cruise round the coast——"

"I am heartbroken to have to tell you, sir, but here it is in my husband's handwriting—the last letter he ever wrote—sent off by the pilot after he had left Brisbane."

She fumbled in a hand-bag, and finally took out a letter.

The utter incredulity in Richard Oxter's face had given place to a horrible doubt. "Give it me," he said hoarsely.

He rose, and, stretching across the table, snatched the letter from her. He held it first in one light, and then in another, then handed it to Debenham. "The lines dance about so strangely . . . read it to me, William." As Debenham started to read the letter, he leaned forward over the table in an agony of doubt.

"'My dearest wife' (Debenham read), 'I am keeping back the pilot for five minutes while I write these few lines to tell you an astounding piece of news that may have some influence on our future. Young Mr. Oxter has come on board, wanting a passage to Southampton on this boat. Of course, I shall be glad enough to have him, fine pleasant-spoken young chap as he is, and if I can win his friendship he might speak to his father about giving me a better berth. He told me he wanted to take his father by surprise, and lest any of Oxter and Debenham's people in Brisbane should send home the news, he has given out that he was going on a little yachting cruise—'"

Richard Oxter groaned.

"I don't think I had better go on," said Debenham, glancing down the few next lines.

"Go on, Debenham!" said Oxter; "I insist!"

His face had gone a strange sort of ashen grey, and he leaned heavily on the table in front of him.

Debenham obeyed, but even his voice faltered a little.

"'— I thought it my duty to represent to him that this was a bad old boat, and that I had told his father my doubts as to her being seaworthy. But then he must needs ask: "What did my father say?" So I said Mr. Oxter had assured me he had had her thoroughly overhauled, and that all was now perfectly right. And then he says, with his frank smile: "If my father says it's all right, right it will be, and——"'"

Oxter tried to pull himself erect, but he tottered and clung with his hands to the table.

Debenham and Mrs. Wilbur ran up to him.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" cried Mrs. Wilbur, and put out a hand timidly to help him.

Oxter warded her off. "Don't touch me!" he cried wildly. "I—I—murdered your husband—and—Heaven help me—my Dick!"

He tottered a minute, and swayed from side to side, gasping for air. Then something seemed to give way that held him together, and he fell and lay in a huddled heap on the floor.

GOOD INTENTIONS GONE WRONG.

'Twas midnight, and all was still in the house. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and the doctor, whose ear was well-trained, awoke.

Someone needed his services, he concluded, and he walked softly down the stairs and opened the door.

"Miss Caroline Tomkins," said the late caller. Miss Tomkins was the doctor's cook.

"She has retired," said the worthy doctor.

"This is for her," said the man, handing the doctor a tissue-paper package, from which peeped flowers and buds and leaves.

The man departed, and the doctor closed the door. Some admirer of cook's, he supposed, had brought her a bouquet.

He walked into the kitchen, placed the package in a dish of water, and retired.

An indignant cook stood before him next morning. "I wish to give notice," she announced. "I'll not stay another day in a house where some varmint puts my new hat in a basin of water!"

BARBERS AND HAIRDRESSERS . . .
who would like to win substantial prizes should send a postcard to the Editor of
. . PEARSON'S WEEKLY . .

A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.

Can be Easily Made Up at Home.

THOUSANDS of people in this country are suffering to-day from Kidney and Bladder troubles, Liver Disease and Rheumatism, and it is with pleasure that we give our readers the following prescription, which is given by a medical authority, and which is said to have effected marvellous cures. Immediately you feel the first symptoms of Kidney or Liver troubles—pains in the back, aching limbs and a general feeling of lassitude—you should ask your chemists to supply you with: Tincture of Buchu, one ounce; Karox Compound, one ounce; and Syrup of Lemon, two ounces, and mix them by shaking well in a bottle. Take one teaspoonful in water three times daily, after meals, and at bedtime. This quantity is sufficient for about ten days, and the cost is less than 2d. per day. Continue the course for a little time, and the effect will soon be apparent. This remedy assists nature to do its work by acting on the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, etc., and enables them to filter and strain from the blood the uric acid and other waste matter that causes rheumatism. Ask your chemist for the Karox prescription for the kidneys; he will know what you require.

OUR COMPETITORS DUMBSTRUCK
THE OFFER THAT HAS STAGGERED THE FURNISHING TRADE.

SEND 4/- ONLY — BARGAIN SAMPLES — SEND 4/- ONLY

Solely as an Advertisement.

FOR the next six weeks only we are offering the articles mentioned below and many thousands of others, as what we describe BARGAIN SAMPLES, at the EXACT COST OF PRODUCTION solely for the purpose of advertisement, and although we do not, like many firms, make a speciality of the one shilling a week trade, as our class of furniture being of an entirely superior quality will not permit of our doing so, we, however, with these Bargain Samples intend to give all classes an opportunity of comparing the quality of our goods and the extreme lowness of our prices as compared with other firms, by offering to send most of these articles on receipt of 4s. AND THE PROMISE TO PAY BALANCE 4s. MONTHLY. This offer is open to all. SEND 4s. ONLY AND FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW. NOTHING FURTHER.

Description and Prices.

	£	s.	d.
No. 1.—Celebrated "Highbury" Divan Easy Ch ir, full size, covered superior Saddlebags and Mohair Velvet (thousands sold)	1	12	6
No. 2.—Handsome inlaid mahogany Sheraton design Music or China Cabinet, 4ft. 9in. high, 2ft. wide	2	7	6
No. 3.—The celebrated "Highbury" Divan Couch, full size, covered superior Saddlebags and Mohair Velvet	2	15	0
No. 4.—Very handsome Chippendale design Overmantel, 52in. by 32in.	1	9	6
No. 5. Solid fumigated oak Bureau Bookcase, 2ft. 2in. wide, 5ft. 6in. high, fitted ecclesiastical glass doors	2	17	6
No. 6.—Well-made solid fumigated oak 3ft. Bedroom Suite	5	17	6
No. 7.—Handsome double-door Bookcase, fitted drawers, cupboards, &c.	3	10	0
No. 8.—Walnut Sideboard, 4ft. wide, handsome bevelled plate glass back, bottom fitted drawers and cupboard	4	10	0
No. 9.—Handsome solid fumigated oak Bedstead, with spring mattress	1	15	0
No. 10.—Very elegant mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bureau Bookcase, 3ft. wide	8	15	0
No. 11.—Louis XIV. Chippendale design Cabinet, 4ft. wide, 7ft. high, fitted plush-lined show cases, &c.	3	17	6
No. 12. Luxuriously spring upholstered Chesterfield Settee, covered superior ar tapestry	3	3	0
No. 13.—The Stanley Model, a magnificent toned instrument in Chippendale design case	19	19	0
No. 14.—Solid carved oak dwarf Bookcase, 3ft. wide	0	15	6
No. 15.—Very choice solid mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bedroom Suite	12	15	0
No. 16. Elegant quaint design oak Welsh Dresser, 4ft. 6in. wide	5	10	0
No. 17.—Full size, elegant, all brass throughout, Sheraton style Bedstead	4	12	6

COUNTRY ORDERS PACKED AND SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND SEND 4/-

To HIGHBURY FURNISHING CO. LTD.,
Corner Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N.

Please send Bargain Sample No. ..... for which I enclose 4/-, and promise to pay balance by instalments of 4/- monthly, that I may have the opportunity of comparing the quality and prices of your goods.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BARGAIN SAMPLES Sent Post FREE.

"The Story of My Life,"
. . BY . .
HALL CAINE,
COMMENCES IN THE
EASTER NUMBER
. OF . .
M.A.P.
NOW ON SALE.

The latest and the cleanest of all boys' papers is THE SCOUT. It is founded by Lieut.-General Baden-Powell. One penny, weekly.

Picked Pars

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Students in Earnest.

A decree has been published in all the schools of China warning students not to take an interest in politics, contribute to newspapers, or read novels.

Paying Game.

It is officially announced that the Victorian Cricket Association's profit on the fourth Test match was 5d., and they have still to pay for a coat and cap.

"Choose Your Weapons."

Two men who quarrelled in a Belfast barber's shop seized razors and fought an exciting duel, one of them receiving several slashes on the face and hand.

While You Wait.

A special feature of a restaurant just opened in New York is that a telephone is placed on each table, so that customers can transact business while waiting to be served.

National Gratitude.

The negro James Parker, who pluckily seized the assassin of President McKinley, has died a pauper in a Philadelphia hospital, and his body has been handed over for dissecting purposes.

Careless.

A woman horse-thief, who had dressed in a man's clothes, was detected at Midland Junction, West Australia, because she got off the wrong side of the animal, and also loosened the wrong side of the girth.

Moving by Moonbeam.

The following notice has been displayed at Croydon: "Why pay rent when you can hire a horse, man, and a dark night for 1s. 6d. per hour? Night removals, without disturbing your neighbours, a speciality."

An Eye-Opener.

A Phillipsburg butcher named John Miller had been blind in one eye for thirty-three years. After touching a "live" wire by accident and receiving a severe shock he found that the sight of the eye had been restored.

Declined with Thanks.

Two Indian Mutiny veterans, inmates of Droxford (Hampshire) Workhouse, have refused an offer of maintenance outside the workhouse under Lord Roberts's Relief Fund, as they had no wish to leave the workhouse.

Got Out of a Hole.

A fox-terrier belonging to Mr. Conacher, of Newlands, Roxburghshire, succeeded recently in liberating itself from a rabbit burrow in which it had been imprisoned for six days, and returned home little the worse for its long fast.

Who Said "Hero"?

"Why is your husband not here?" the Brentford County Court Judge asked a woman who appeared before him. "He doesn't care to face this kind of thing," she replied. "He is waiting at the corner to see how I get on."

Saved.

While the Lowestoft lifeboat was on a practice trip about two miles out at sea, a starling flew into the rigging. The bird was exhausted and nearly frozen, but one of the crew warmed it by holding it in his hands, and liberated it when the shore was reached.

Gratitude from a Heart of Stone.

Out of gratitude to the guardians of St. Thomas (Exeter) for looking after him, William Stone, an old inmate of the workhouse, has bequeathed £9 9s., the amount of his life insurance policy, to the board.

M. Use-you-no-more.

At a banquet in Belgrade, M. Uzunovitch, a prominent supporter of the Government, excused himself from proposing a toast, but when a friend called out encouragingly, "Say the first stupid thing that comes into your head," he jumped up and cried, "Long live our present wise ruler, King Peter." He has been requested to resign his seat.

No Joke.

Lots were drawn as a jest at a dance in Asheville, North Carolina, to see who should be married, and Mr. J. A. Brookshire and Miss Kathleen Gentry, on whom they fell, were compelled by the other guests to go through a marriage ceremony. The couple are now petitioning for a divorce on the ground that the marriage was only a joke.

After Twenty Years.

Mr. John Blackburn, of Armley, Leeds, a joiner and builder, who filed his petition in bankruptcy twenty years ago, has just called all his old creditors together and discharged his obligations in full, the small dividend he was able to pay at the time of the failure being allowed to them as interest. The creditors presented Mr. Blackburn with a silver tea-service.

Cup Final Personals

J. Rutherford (Newcastle United).

There is no prettier forward before the public to-day than John Rutherford, Newcastle United's flying outside right.

His every action and movement, from trapping a back's "balloon" to hopping over a half-back's outstretched leg, is marked by a delicacy, a refinement, and a grace that commands the admiration, if not the approval, of the most partisan upholder of the other side.

But Rutherford is not merely a pretty player. A fine runner, an expert dribbler, and a deadly shot, he has no superior in the whole country in his particular position; and, although he has not that ability to "rise to the occasion" characteristic of certain great players, his ordinary game is better than most right wingers' best.

This season he has been showing brilliant form for the most part, and he has played in all the three Internationals, bringing the total of his caps up to seven. With Veitch, he is the only local in the Newcastle team, and, like the centre half, he is a marine engineer by profession.

G. A. Hedley (Wolverhampton Wanderers).

It is a football axiom that a judicious blend of youth and ripe experience goes a long way towards making a successful team, and the so far triumphant march of the "Wolves" in this season's Cup competition is a striking example of its truth.

In three of the side's four lines there is a well-preserved veteran—Jones, at back, Woolridge, centre half, and George Hedley, centre forward—all of whom impart that degree of coolness and stability so necessary in games fought at high pressure.

Sandwiched between four young players, Hedley has no easy task at centre forward, for he has not only to hold the balance between dash and skill, but also to do most of the line's scheming and thinking. That he does the latter to some purpose those who saw his unorthodox kick-off in the semi-final against Southampton will readily admit.

R. Pudan (Newcastle United)

The East-end of London has brought out several fine footballers of recent years, but it is certain that no cleverer player, with the possible exception of George Hilsdon, has yet come out of the East than "Dick" Pudan, who started his first class career with West Ham United.

After a short stay with this metropolitan club Pudan went to Bristol Rovers, where he had the inestimable advantage of partnering such an accomplished back as Hugh Dunn, from whom he surely learned much, for several seasons.

Last April he created rather a sensation by taking "French leave" from the Southern Leaguers in order to keep a cricket coaching appointment, but this action of his was in nowise detrimental to his prospects, for he was promptly engaged by his present club.

T. Lunn (Wolverhampton Wanderers).

Exactly how much of the success of Wolverhampton Wanderers in this season's Cup ties is due to their goalkeeper, Lunn, it is difficult to estimate. The proportion must be enormous, however, and not even their "goals against" record in these matches can give more than a hazy idea of it.

One goal against—for that is all Lunn has lost—in five games certainly points to superlative goal keeping, but you want to see him under fire to appreciate his exceptional abilities to the full.

A comparatively small man—he stands 5ft. 8½ins. in his stockings—he is wonderfully active and at home with all kinds of shots; and it matters little to him whether the ball comes through the air or along the ground—he will strain every possible nerve to get to it.

Perhaps Lunn is too fond of "holding" the ball on occasions, but, apart from this tendency, he is in every way a most worthy successor to the famous Tom Baddeley, on whom he has modelled himself to some extent. Many good judges consider him to be the best goalkeeper in the country at present.

G. Wilson (Newcastle United).

It is passing strange that George Wilson should be connected with two different Cup finalists in two successive seasons.

Last year, although, much to his annoyance, left out of the side that lost "the Cup" at the Crystal Palace, he helped Everton in the earlier rounds; and this season he has been by no means the least conspicuous member of Newcastle United's splendid front rank.

Either at inside or outside left the sturdily-built little Scotch International is a very fine forward. He is a very 'cute dribbler and a capital shot, but the great feature of his play is undoubtedly his wonderful knack of withstanding and evading charges. Indeed, so firm on his feet is he, and so difficult to dispossess of the ball, that he is generally acknowledged to be the most awkward man to tackle in first class football to-day.

Newcastle United expended something like £2,000 in order to have him transferred to them—£1,400 to Everton and about £600 to Belfast Distillery.

Picture Pars

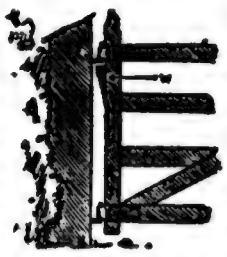
A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO.

Unless suspended from the roof of a green-house, cucumbers, when growing, have a habit of departing from the straight path. This tendency may be overcome, by the use of a glass tube which is specially made for the purpose. When young, the vegetable should be inserted into one of these tubes, and it will then grow to its full size without a bend, thereby earning perhaps a prize for its proud owner.

CHECKMATING THE BOYS.

Farmers are frequently troubled by mischievous boys who consider it the height of humour to lift a gate from its hinges and carry it some distance away, leaving the cattle and sheep to wander as they please. This mis-directed playfulness may be checked by the simple device shown in the illustration. A small piece of wood (W) is screwed on to the gate in the position shown in the picture. This stops the gate from being lifted, and can be easily removed when necessary with the aid of a screwdriver.

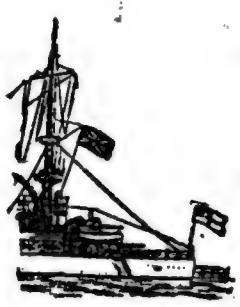


"SHEEP SHANK."

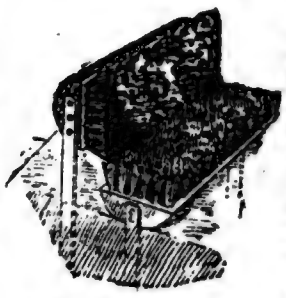
The illustration shows how a rope without being either cut or knotted may be very quickly shortened to a third or anything less of its original length. This method is chiefly used by seamen, who have christened it "the sheep shank." The rope is doubled twice, and two half-hitches, are made. The more strain put upon the loose ends, the more secure becomes the fastening. When the ends are released and the doubled parts are pulled apart, the rope is left at its original length.

COURT-MARTIAL.

If a landsman were to hear a gun suddenly boom out from a man-of-war and then see a Union Jack flutter up to the peak or the yard arm, he would probably wonder what was going to happen. As a matter of fact such an occurrence would signify that a court-martial was sitting on board. Under such circumstances a Union Jack is always hoisted at one of the two points mentioned, and a gun is fired to attract the attention of the rest of the fleet.



BROOMS AS BOOT-CLEANERS.



Good housewives have a saying that nothing need be wasted, and this is certainly true in the case of old brooms. When these useful articles become too worn out for their proper purpose they may be turned into an excellent boot-cleaner by the simple method illustrated in the picture. For the man who is fond of pottering about his garden such an article is invaluable, for it will save him bringing lumps of mud into the house and spoiling the carpets.

DOBBIN-IN-BOOTS.

We have all heard of Puss-in-Boots, but, as a matter of fact, the cat is not the only animal who can claim to be acquainted with this form of footwear. When horses are being used in mowing lawns or rolling cricket grounds it is customary to inclose their feet in leather boots like the one shown in the illustration. The uppers are made of one piece of leather, and the soles, which resemble figure B. in shape, are sown and riveted on. They are open at the back and are kept tight by a couple of straps and buckles. These boots effectually prevent the horses' hoofs from making holes in the lawn.

Some women it seems are most anxious for votes, but most are contented with reading HOME NOTES.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

HE KNEW.

IT was afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school:

"Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus, we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. Now, can anyone give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy, proudly, "I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas!"

SOMETHING MORE.

FOR two hours the fashionable lady kept the draper exhibiting his goods, and at the end of that period she sweetly asked:

"Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have?"

"No, madam," said the draper, with an insinuating smile, "I have yet an old account in my ledger which I shall very gladly show you."

He did not need to show any more. The lady left the shop saying she would call again another day.

"HE had a play produced by an amateur company the other night, I believe. Who was the hero of it, do you know?"

"I was one. I sat through it."

SO EASY.

THIS is what happened to a Glasgow working man when he tried to make his wife's home-life happy by reading the police-news to her as contained in his evening paper. In due course he reached an interesting trial for assault, the report of which concluded as follows:

"This case was held over until to-morrow, as the presiding magistrate said he found considerable difficulty in pronouncing sentence."

"Dear me," commented the reader's wife, "he canna hae been a man o' muckle edication, surely, or he wadna hae found any difficulty in pronouncin' an easy wee word like that."

FIRST PHYSICIAN: "So the operation was just in the nick of time?"

Second Physician: "Yes; in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."

HAD!

IT was in Tasmania that a traveller came across an old "sundowner" sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was very legibly painted, "Ici on parle français."

A tattered, dejected-looking Frenchman, who happened to be passing up the road, spied the inscription, and, rushing up to the colonial, enthusiastically kissed him on both cheeks.

"'Ere, what'r yer up to?" demanded the sundowner gruffly; "don't do that ag'n."

"But you vas a countreeman of mine," exclaimed the delighted Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure.

"Certainly not!" retorted the colonial.

"But you put 'Ici on parle français' over ze door," said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription.

"Well, what do you call it?" asked the sundowner in mild surprise.

"Why, it means 'French is spoken here.'"

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed the Tasmanian in deep disgust. "A painter chap came along here the other day, and put up that for me. He said it was Latin for 'God bless my happy home.'"

OUTNUMBERED THEM.

"THE Hand of Blood," Number Two Company, touring the small towns, had arrived at Frostby-on-Sploshy. A few moments before the curtain was to rise, the Heavy Father peeped through, and inspected the audience.

"What sort of a house is it? Many people?" inquired the Hero.

"Better than last night, dear boy. But we're still in the majority."

"I AM willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right," said the hard-hearted merchant; "please close the door behind you when you go out."

WARNING.

AN old lady was standing in the middle of a group of spectators at a recent local junior football match.

The ground was slippery, and the way the players tumbled about seemed to cause her a great deal of alarm. At last she could restrain herself no longer.

Fixing her eyes on a red-haired youth, she cried loudly: "Johnnie, if you tumble, mind as you doesn't tumble back. When I was mending your pants last week I forgot to take the needle out; and it's there yet!"

DEAR THING!

MRS. MACK had found the art of planting a sting in the most pleasant way. She was not content merely to get her own back when she was angry, but she inflicted little stabs on her neighbours through sheer inability to repress her feelings.

"How delightful to see you again, Mrs. Mack," said an elderly acquaintance, meeting her when out shopping. "Why, it must be close upon ten years since we met. And it's so nice to think that you remembered me after all this time. You knew me at once. I begin to think I can't have changed so very much."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mack, with a sweet smile and an acid tone, "I recognised your bonnet!"

THE LONGEST WORD.

"WHAT is the longest word in the dictionary?" was the question put by a joke-loving old gentleman to a smart schoolboy the other day.

"Transubstantiation," was the prompt reply, for the lad knew something of dictionaries.

"No," said the questioner, "the longest word is 'beleaguer,' because there is a 'league'—three miles, you know—between the first two letters and the last one. Come now, I'll give you a shilling if you can tell me a longer word than that."

The boy pondered awhile. He wanted that shilling.

"What about 'elastic'?" said he.

"Elastic? That's not a long word."

"No, but you can always stretch it."

The old gentleman, with many chuckles, was about to produce the shilling; but the smart boy had not done yet.

"I know a longer word still," he remarked triumphantly.

"What is that?"

"R-i-n-g—because, it has no end to it," was the smiling reply of the youth, who subsequently retired the richer by a florin.

CARELESS.

VICAR: "John, do you—er—ever use strong language?"

John (guardedly): "Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit keerless-like in my speech at times."

Vicar: "Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill of £4 10s. for thawing out a waterpipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill."

THE SAME PREDICAMENT.

MRS. WINKS: "Mrs. Ayres and her husband have had a dreadful quarrel, just because she gave him a letter to post, and he carried it about in his pocket for a week. Isn't it too silly of her?"

Mr. Winks: "Maybe that would make you mad, too."

Mrs. Winks: "Oh, John, I wouldn't lose my temper over a little thing like that."

Mr. Winks: "I'm glad to hear you say it, my dear. I just recall that I've still got that letter you gave me last Wednesday."

MAGISTRATE (about to commit for trial): "You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning."

Prisoner (deprecatingly): "No flattery, yer honour—no flattery, I begs on yer."

CAUGHT!

A SHORT time ago, in Dublin, there were a large number of private stills, and a London detective was sent to try and put some of them down.

When he arrived there he saw a young fellow standing about, and he said to himself. "This is a likely man; I'll try my luck with him." So he asked the young fellow if he knew where there were any of the private stills. The man told him he did, and offered to take him to one for a small present.

The detective readily agreed, and they set out together. After about an hour's walking, and the detective had traversed all round Dublin, they arrived at the barracks.

"There you are!" said the young fellow.

"What?" said the detective.

"Why, you see that man over there?"

"Yes," said the detective.

"Well," said the young fellow, "he's been in the Army thirty-seven years, and he's a private still."

FULL-GROWN CHILDREN.

"AT an out-of-the-way little station in the North," said a certain railway guard, "a party of working men wished to book to a town in the Midlands to see a football match. Unfortunately, the booking-clerk had only a limited number of tickets for that journey at his disposal. Eventually, he got out of his difficulty by dividing the pieces of pasteboard and issuing children's tickets to the party, at the same time explaining to me how matters stood.

"'They've paid the full fare, of course,' he remarked, 'so you must see 'em through.'

"I had almost forgotten the matter when a ticket-examiner at B—— came to me, and remarked with a sorrowful shake of the head:

"'This under-age dodge is getting too warm!'

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'Matter!' he echoed, disgustedly. 'Why, here's a whole carriage full o' children wot plays cards, drinks whisky, and wears whiskers!'"

FOURTEEN RED-LETTER DAYS AS A GIFT.

A SPLENDID OFFER to BOYS by GEN. BADEN-POWELL'S NEW PAPER "THE SCOUT."

How Would You Like to be One of Gen. Baden-Powell's Guests, and spend a splendid FORTNIGHT IN CAMP?

You will have the best time of your life, and it will not cost you a penny. You will live like a real Scout. You will be taught how to Track Men and Animals; how to make tents; cook your own food, and do everything a Scout does. If you want to have a time such as no boys have ever had before buy at once

No. 1 NOW READY. **THE SCOUT.** GEN. BADEN-POWELL'S PAPER. ONE PENNY WEEKLY

and learn all about this grand holiday.

YOU CANNOT GET BETTER THAN THE BEST, and "THE SCOUT" IS THE BEST POSSIBLE PAPER for BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.

THE SCOUT has the Best Adventure Stories, Best Pictures, Best Mystery Stories, Best Articles.

READ THE GRAND NEW SERIAL SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE SCOUT" BY RUPERT CHESTERTON.

THE PHANTOM BATTLESHIP.

AND YOU WILL VOTE IT THE GRANDEST STORY YOU HAVE EVER READ.

Gen. Baden-Powell writes stirring special articles for "The Scout." He will teach you how to be good scouts and first-class men, and will tell you some interesting camp fire yarns. Remember the boy of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow, and "The Scout" will make you a useful, self-reliant, healthy citizen.

You do not play at football in the summer, nor cricket in the winter, but you can practice SCOUTCRAFT IN ALL SEASONS, and "The Scout" will teach you how to do it. Scoutcraft is the best game ever invented.

IT WILL MAKE YOU HEALTHY.
IT WILL KEEP YOU RIGHT IN THE FRONT.
IT WILL INTEREST YOU.
IT WILL MAKE YOU MANLY.
IT WILL BE JUST THE THING YOU WILL LIKE.

A penny is a small sum to pay for all the novel features contained in "THE SCOUT." SPEND THAT PENNY IN YOUR POCKET, and get a copy at once. You will shake hands with yourself when you see the value you get.

THE SCOUT. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

By ARTHUR APPLIN, Author of "Rags and Riches," etc., etc., etc.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Maggie Druce, a beautiful girl, who sells flowers in London streets.
Alf Druce, her brother, a paper boy. Overcome with horror, he kills his mother, Ma Druce, when she is belabouring Maggie. He is arrested, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and two years in a reformatory.
Jim Dempster, out-of-work brother-in-law of Maggie and Alf. Self-sacrificingly he accuses himself of participation in Alf's crime, and is sentenced to two years' penal servitude.
Jim Ferguson, an artist, who is painting a portrait of Maggie dancing to an organ. He shields the gutter children from the police and perjures himself at the trial.
The Hon Miss Christine Bodeley had her portrait painted by Ferguson, and they fall in love with each other.
Captain Bradley is a friend of Miss Bodeley's, and, through her, knows Ferguson and Maggie.

Last week it was told how Jim Ferguson was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for perjury, Maggie made her *début* and attained fame as a dancer, and Captain Bradley decided to propose to Christine.

CHAPTER FORTY.
Christine Decides.

CAPTAIN BRADLEY had to wait for his opportunity, but it came eventually.

Of course, when Bradley told Christine that he loved her, that he had always loved her, but only fully realised the stupendous fact within the last few months, she ought to have felt surprised—or, at any rate, to have shown a maidenly and pained astonishment.

But she was not surprised, and she was not a sufficiently good actress—or a sufficiently big humbug—to play the part of pained astonishment. Ever since Captain Bradley had helped her bail Jim Ferguson out of prison she had suspected him. A woman always knows when she is loved, and the knowledge always makes her happy, no matter what she may say to the contrary. She may not love herself in return, but to be loved is her unalienable right.

Whilst Captain Bradley rather hesitatingly and bluffly, without any flow of poetical language, blurted to her the state of his feelings, she found herself a little bitterly comparing his confession of love to Jim Ferguson's. Again she felt the kiss he had passionately laid on her lips, and almost against her will she compared the two men.

Now, Miss Bodeley was not really a worldly girl, though she had been brought up in the world, and by the world, and had been taught that the only things really worth considering in life were birth, breeding, and a banking account. It was not her fault that, though she had not half as much claim to the title of honourable as Maggie Druce, yet, as a spinster, she would go through life with that ridiculous little word tacked to her name; that, in consequence, people would expect her to marry dishonourably—to marry a name or a banking account; to love dishonourably—a name and a banking acount; and to waste her life in supporting dull dances and *soirées*, fashionable theatres and dressmakers, and a host of people who had no valid excuse for their existence.

So, strange as it may appear, Captain Bradley's offer of marriage had the effect of making her envy Maggie Druce. She saw before her long years of imprisonment, endless days of daily routine. Unless she ran away with Jim Ferguson—and he had told her she was never to think of him again—her parents would marry her to someone; if not Captain Bradley, someone in her own set, someone with a big name and a little brain, someone with a country estate and a town house, someone who supported smart tradesmen—the great middle-class who sweated the great lower class.

She would have to do this, for it would be her duty; it was the state of life in which she had been born. And of all the men she had met in her own set Captain Bradley was the only one she could tolerate.

He was a man. He had a broad chest, broad shoulders, and a broad mind. If she refused him now she might lose him for ever and ever; if she accepted him she would certainly lose Jim Ferguson for ever.

Of course, she could have given him the conventional reply and ask for time; but even if she did not love, she liked and respected Captain Bradley. In a sense, he had become Ferguson's friend, and so, in the artist's own words, she felt it was necessary with him, at least, she should play the game.

"I'm sorry," she said eventually, "but I don't love you, Captain Bradley. I don't know that I ever could love you, because——"

It was not easy to make the confession; her heart had scarcely got used to hearing the truth, and, moreover, she was jealous still, not only of Maggie Druce, but of her honour.

"Yes?" Captain Bradley said interrogatively. As Christine was unable to explain, to her great surprise, he made the explanation himself. "You cannot marry me because you love Ferguson; that's it, isn't it?"

Words were not necessary now; eyes and face and lips spoke for Christine.

"I'm awfully sorry," Bradley continued, speaking quickly. "If I'd known I wouldn't have bothered you. Some time ago, when Ferguson dined at my club, I suspected; then, again, later on at the studio I—well, I went as near asking him as a comparative stranger could; but, like the blundering fool I am, I gathered you were no more to him than any other woman; he admired you, of course; worshipped you, but as an artist rather than as a man."

Under her breath Christine asked what the difference was between the worship of the two.

"I can't speak for the artist, I can only speak for myself," Bradley replied bluntly. "I won't say I worship you, Christine; I shall always love you. But, of course, if you're engaged to marry Ferguson, there's no more to be said, and I won't speak of it again. And . . . and the very best of luck to you. He's a good chap."

This was just what Christine feared might happen; she was in danger of losing both men, the only two men whom she had any liking or respect for. Pride and worldly training came to her aid. She laughed, and her laughter was not entirely assumed.

"Don't go, please—until I've explained. I owe you some sort of explanation, Captain Bradley."

He hesitated, his hand on the door. "Of course you don't; I quite understand, I've been a blundering ass, that's all. It's understood we're friends, though, isn't it?"

Christine was not the first woman who found the straightforward, and perhaps generous, tactics of selfish man most embarrassing. With the sweet unreasonableness of her sex, she, in her heart, called him a fool. But at that moment she came nearer loving him than she had ever dreamed possible.

It is possible for a nice, generous girl to love two men at the same time; it depends on the man, *which* one she marries!

"Do you think," she laughed, "I should be allowed to be engaged to Mr. Ferguson, much less to marry him!"

Captain Bradley curled his moustache. "By Jove, I never thought of that. But you do love?"

He did not mean to ask the question; it just slipped out. Christine bowed her head. "Yes."

"And he loves you! Well, why not, he's a good chap! Of course, I see, it's very awkward his getting mixed up in this case and getting caught in that infernal perjury charge, and all that; but the world has a short memory, and people forget; he's clever and he'll make a name, and, after all, love's the big thing, isn't it?"

Bradley was as ignorant of women as he was of modern warfare; he was an officer of the Household Brigade, but, had he studied the sex as closely as he had studied the various uniforms and the various regiments of the world, he would have found no surer and shorter passage to Christine's heart than by pleading the cause of his rival.

Had he laughed with her at the idea of her contracting a marriage with the artist, she would there and then have probably and definitely refused him, and have made up her mind to elope with Ferguson whether he would or not directly the prison doors were opened. But, having the temerity to persuade her that Ferguson was the better man, and that she would be wise to marry him, Christine immediately doubted.

"You don't understand," she whispered.

Captain Bradley came to the conclusion that perhaps he did not. So he left the door, and, returning to the Chesterfield, sat down by Christine's side and asked her to explain.

She explained. First she showed him just a glimpse of her heart; confessed the avowal of love in the studio, then confessed the kiss—and stealing a glance at Captain Bradley's face she saw that she had hurt him. Her sex made her glad of that. She did not mention Maggie's unwelcome appearance, but she hinted at the last words Ferguson had spoken to her.

Though he loved her he had told her she must forget him; that marriage with him would mean unhappiness for her, and that he loved her too much to ask or even allow such a sacrifice.

Capt. Bradley nodded and stared gloomily at the fire. "Yes," he grunted again, "he's a good chap. I believe you ought to marry him, Christine." He used her Christian name quite naturally; he was speaking from his heart.

Christine objected. It is most annoying to be told by a man who, at any rate, she might have loved, she ought to marry another man. Merely out of the spirit of contradiction she felt unwilling to take his advice.

"I don't know what to do," she said miserably. "I can't make up my mind—I've no one to advise me. Of course, if I were a proper daughter I ought to tell mother everything, but she wouldn't understand, and poor father would have a fit."

"Of course, fathers do, you must make up your mind to that." Then Captain Bradley hedged a little; he had done his best for his rival, now he considered himself a little

"Why don't you wait until he's free again?"

Christine nodded. "That's what I must do. But it seems such a long, long time. Of course, I suppose he does really love me," she continued, as if speaking to herself. "Artists are very different from other men, aren't they?"

Captain Bradley shook his head gloomily. "I don't know."

"Perhaps when he comes out he will have altered his mind . . . there's Maggie Druce, you know?" Again Captain Bradley acquiesced. "He must be very fond of her, and when he sees how clever she is and how beautiful she's grown——"

Miss Bodeley stopped and said no more. Her conscience pricked her for a moment; she felt she was being unjust and perhaps a little disloyal to Jim Ferguson. But she was in a very difficult position. Love had entered her heart very suddenly; ere it had been fully born it had been snatched from her, and, having no one to take into her confidence, she felt very lonely, and it was only natural that doubt should enter her heart.

Perhaps Captain Bradley realised what was passing in her heart more clearly than she did herself. He rose and held out his hand.

"Shall we wait until he does come out, Christine? Ten months will pass very quickly, and it's not much more than that now. We will just be good friends, and when you are in any bother or trouble, if you care to tell me—well, I shall be jolly glad. Good-bye."

When she was alone Christine found relief in tears. She ought to have been grateful; Fate had thrown two good men across her path in life, and the average girl in her position seldom finds one. Possibly, in her heart, she was grateful, for, in the solitude of her room, she knelt down and said a prayer.

And what that prayer was only the Recipient of it knows.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.
That Strange Thing—a Woman's Heart.

SPASMODIC winter came, and went spasmodically. There were warm days and cold days, fine days and wet days; sometimes the sky was blue, but more often it reflected the colour of the roofs of London.

But Maggie scarcely ever noticed the weather, and to her the sky seemed always blue; when she looked up, the only roofs she saw were the boundless heavens, and daily the horizon widened. The song of the city had changed since those days when she had first heard it, lying a naked, undesired baby in a bundle of rags in Rockfeller Buildings. The roar of the traffic from Westminster and Whitehall no longer boomed like funeral guns, and the tramp of countless feet and the rattle of innumerable voices no longer sounded like cruel laughter from the Pit.

Instead, London sang for her a mighty song—uplifting, triumphant. For she had taken her place among those who worked; for the first time she was really conscious of living; for the first time she felt—nay, she knew—that there was blood in her veins, and she knew, too, that those men she had occasionally seen, black-coated, sad-faced, who chanted dismally to her of her soul, had spoken the truth.

She did possess a soul; she believed that now! What it was or where it was she did not know; she did not much care—it was just enough to possess it, to feel it curled somewhere about her heart. It was there, and daily it was growing; she felt it throbbing fiercely beneath her breast. Sometimes it hurt, but it was not the kind of pain she minded. She wanted it to grow big and strong before Ferguson came out of prison, that she might give it him as a surprise.

And not only her soul, but her body grew, too. She increased in stature and in beauty; she developed.

She found herself singing now when she splashed in her bath. When, perforce, her feet had to be kept under control her eyes danced. 'Bus-conductors between Charing Cross and Westminster grew to look for her coming in the evening, and her former playmates, the peoples of the gutters, congregated about the stage door when she left in the evening to give her a friendly cheer or to stare with open-mouthed curiosity.

Unfortunately, Maggie possessed a peculiarly sensitive nature, and at these moments she resented the change that had taken place in her; already in a few short months a gulf divided her from her former friends. She thought she could bridge it, but she found she could not.

When she stopped outside the stage door and held out her hand to shake theirs, they looked at her askance; some giggled, some cursed, and a few took it with just a coarse jest, others asked for a temporary loan! Something was wrong; what it was she did not know, and there was no one to tell her. She would have asked all these gutter children back to the studio to tea and to dinner, but the studio did not belong to her, and she felt she would have been taking an unfair advantage of Ferguson's generosity. But every Sunday she spent with Jess, bearing with equanimity the taunts of the drunken husband; but even Jess misunderstood her.

"Suppose you've got proud, like the rest of 'em," she grumbled. "Can't ask yer friends to come and see yer and have a bite of something."

Maggie replied that when she had a house of her own the doors would always stand wide open. But her old friends did not understand; Maggie had changed, and they resented the change. They resented her clean face and hands more than her clean clothes; they resented her antipathy to a drop of gin or whisky at the nearest pub.

They had lost her, so they mourned and refused to be comforted. And, had they but known, Maggie mourned too. She had yet to learn the penalty of success, however humble, and the penalty of brains. She had to learn the bitterness of being misunderstood.

She was learning quickly; she feared her lessons had been too easy. She had only really learnt to dance, to grow strong and beautiful, to eat and to drink and to sleep, to wash and to dress. For none of these things do the people of the gutter.

One morning, as Maggie had just returned from practice and changed into her dressing-gown and was resting before the fire, a visitor was announced—her first real visitor. Before she could cross the studio she recognised her; it was Miss Mountjoy, the original of the wonderful portrait.

Maggie rose and held out her hand. Miss Mountjoy hesitated, then took it, looking her up and down with cold, critical eyes, looking right through her; then she nodded and sat down, her frills and flounces rustling, displaying, when she crossed her knees and leaned back, a small fortune spent in Bond Street.

"Don't suppose you know who I am? . . . Oh, you do! Well, I suppose you're surprised to see me. I've been trying to keep away, but I couldn't any longer."

"Why?" Maggie asked innocently.

I sit and read the ROYAL, with pleasure and with glee—

"I haven't seen you since we first met in the studio—save once, at the trial. You've jumped by leaps and bounds from the gutter, haven't you?"

"Yes; it's wonderful," Maggie agreed.

Miss Mountjoy snorted. "You have got a nerve! Do you mind if I smoke a cigarette? If I don't I shall throw things at you in another minute."

Maggie smiled, but she did not understand; she handed her eccentric visitor a light.

"Jim always had an eye for a good thing, I'll admit that," Miss Mountjoy continued, "but he never sticks to one thing long, so take my advice and make hay whilst the sun shines. He was going to fall in love with me once, but he didn't, you see."

"How do you know? He painted your picture."

Miss Mountjoy rose, rustled across the room, pulled the canvas from the wall, and looked at it. "Yes, I look all right there, don't I? Pity I wasn't born dumb and without any feelings, then he might have married me."

Maggie felt frightened and a little angry; she frowned. "Do you want him to marry you, because I don't think there's much chance——"

Miss Mountjoy turned on her like a whirlwind. "Oh, I know that—I knew that long ago, thanks! But do you think he's going to marry *you?*"

Maggie flushed. For a moment she felt like treating Miss Mountjoy's picture as she had treated her own, but her feelings were under better control now. She reminded herself that she was in Ferguson's studio, representing Ferguson. That big thing he called honour was in her hands—his honour.

"Of course he won't marry me," she said quietly, and with an unconscious dignity that startled Miss Mountjoy. "He's only taking an—an interest in me, like he does in lots of people and things, you know."

Miss Mountjoy was silent for awhile. She stared at Maggie, and gradually she lifted the mask from her face. She came close to the child of the gutters.

"You mean to say you don't love him?" she asked sharply. Her voice was a little unsteady.

Maggie was about to fling a denial in the other woman's face, but as she raised her head the white limbs of Ferguson's marble goddess flashed before her eyes, and she saw the grave, tender face of the Pagan looking at her. "Yes, of course I love him—don't you?"

Miss Mountjoy laughed. "I do—or I did. What does it matter? . . . I'm going to marry a blithering idiot with a title and an income and enough debts to float half-a-dozen companies. But I've had a bad time, and I have behaved like a beast to Jim, and I want you to tell him when he comes out that I'm sorry, that's all. You see, I was jealous of you; I hated you. You were not much to be jealous of, were you, when I first saw you? But I let them lock him up—he hadn't got any money, and I was all over it! I let him go to prison without as much as wishing him luck. But now I'm sorry, and you can tell him so if you like when he comes out."

Maggie nodded. Her education had not advanced sufficiently to enable her to grapple with this crisis. It was quite natural to her that everyone should love Jim Ferguson.

There was a long silence between the two women; the fire crackled cheerfully in the grate. The presence of the artist made itself felt, and Maggie began to understand the meaning of art, and some of its benefits. Though he, the creator of thoughts and dreams, was far away, yet he was there in his studio with them. She smiled happily; Miss Mountjoy smiled too.

"You're all right," she said irrelevantly. "I saw your show the other night; if you work hard and keep straight you'll be no end of a success. I wish I could dance as you do, that's all. And, look here, don't lose your head and don't treat Jim badly; he's dotty, but he's a good chap—much too good for any woman. Now I'm off, but before I go I want you to have the picture of me sent up to my flat. I know what you're going to say, but Jim said I could have it if I wanted it, and I've brought the money. You just shove it in his bank or put it into the bureau until he comes out. Money's no good to me, I only chuck it about; but I should like the picture. . . . Good-bye."

She was gone before Maggie could reply, and, as she had yet to learn to doubt people's word, the picture was duly dispatched and the bank-notes duly handed to Ferguson's lawyer.

A day or two later Maggie found a fairy had been at work in the studio. Everywhere were flowers—yellow daffodils with their cool green leaves, primroses and anemones, and bunches of purple violets. Mrs Jones professed ignorance, but Maggie rightly suspected Miss Mountjoy.

For she was beginning to understand the strange workings of that strange thing—a woman's heart!

(Another long instalment next week.)

YOUNG PHYSICIAN (excitedly): "How do you know about me?"

Messenger: "Rang all the doctor's bells till I found one at home."

WHITE, BLACK, AND READ.

A WELL-KNOWN professor of anthropology, described at a dinner a native boy whom he had met in his African travels.

"This boy," said the professor, "often saw me reading, and the process at once interested and perplexed him. Through an interpreter one day he questioned me about it.

"'Reading again, sir?' he asked.

"'Yes, my boy,' said I.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I have often seen you reading. You read books, magazines, large newspapers. Now, there is one thing I want to ask you: 'Which part is it you read—the black or the white?'"

THE MOST DECORATED ENGLISHMAN.

SIR ROBERT HART, the Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs, who is shortly returning home after fifty-four years of exile, enjoys the distinction of being the most extensively decorated Englishman alive—excepting, of course, members of the Royal Family.

It is probable that even he himself could not tell off-hand precisely how many orders, stars, crosses, ribbons, and so on, he is entitled to wear.

His Chinese insignia alone, however, number no fewer than nineteen, and include such coveted Orders as the Imperial Peacock Feather, the Mandarin's Red Button of the First Class, Knight of the Double Dragon, and Brevet of the Order of Pu Cheng Su.

He is also a Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold; a Chevalier of the Order of Wasa, Sweden-Norway; a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria; a Grand Officer of the French Legion of Honour; Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy; Commander of the Order of Pius IX., Rome; Knight Grand Cross of the Portuguese Order of Christ; Knight Grand Cross of the Norwegian Order of the Polar Star; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Orange Nassau, Holland; and a holder of the Prussian Order of the Crown, First Class.

Finally, as though this were not enough, the Chinese Emperor has ennobled his ancestors for three generations back; and has further appointed him, by Letters Patent, Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent to the Throne.

This, it may be explained, is the roundabout Chinese way of conferring upon a subject the rank and dignities of a prince.

HOW PRISONERS ARE FLOGGED TO-DAY.

ALTHOUGH the eleven floggings ordered by Mr. Justice Lawrence to be inflicted upon prisoners at the recent Glamorgan Assizes are unprecedented in point of number since the old garrotting days, the actual whippings themselves will not be nearly so painful as they then were.

For at that time the army-pattern "cat," as it was called, was in use. This was made of whipcord, and was furnished with "blood knots" specially designed to lacerate the flesh of the culprit.

The modern cat, on the other hand, is made of a special kind of strong twine, carefully bound with silk at the ends to prevent it unravelling, and as it is destitute of knots, it does not break the skin, much less injure the underlying tissues.

Nevertheless, the punishment inflicted by it is not exactly pleasant; for each of the nine tails is, of course, a separate whip to all intents and purposes, so that a sentence of twelve lashes means 108 distinct cuts.

Floggings nowadays, it may be mentioned, are inflicted out of sight and hearing of the other prisoners, so that the culprit's "pals" cannot jeer at him afterwards for having whimpered before he was "seized up," or for having "given tongue" during the operation.

Neither does the sufferer carry with him in after life evidence of having been flogged, as was the case formerly, when the peculiarly shaped cicatrices which were left on his back by the healing of the wounds made by the blood-knots, were such as were easily recognisable ever afterwards by any prison governor or other gaol official.

BARGAINING IN WRECKS.

ALTHOUGH the *Newark Castle*, a six-thousand-ton ship belonging to the Union Castle line, was worth, with her cargo, £185,000 before she ran ashore near Durban recently, vessel and contents have just been sold by auction for £575.

Nor does even this small sum by any means establish a record in this direction in regard to such sales, for the P. and O. liner *Bangoon*, which was wrecked off Point de Galle some years back, fetched only a little over half as much as did the *Newark Castle*, although the ship alone was valued at £78,000, and her cargo was an exceedingly costly one.

Then there was the case of the *Cotopaxia*, a Pacific mail steamer, lost in the Straits of Magellan, which, although well-nigh intact, and to all outward appearance uninjured, fetched but a paltry £200. In this particular case, however, it was the difficulty of getting at her that caused her to go for so little.

When the *Erasmus Wilson* cut the *Newburn* clean in halves at Thames Haven, the two portions were put up for auction separately, and realised the truly ludicrous prices (considering that they were beached) of £15 and £79 respectively. Then, again, there was the *John Blake*, a big, three-masted sailing ship wrecked off the coast of Kerry, and this fetched only £40, cargo included.

As regards actual lowness of price, however, irrespective of the original value of the vessel, all of the above records were beaten by the collier brig *Mary Stone*, which went on shore near Lowestoft early in 1897. She was sold by auction as she lay, together with her cargo, which consisted of several hundred tons of coal. One bid only was made, of twenty shillings, and for that sum she was sold.

FOUR THINGS WE ALL REQUIRE.

High Interest on what Money we Possess, Financial Support, Expert Knowledge, and Absolute Safety.

A Leading Bank which gives all these and many other advantages, including a Cheque Book to every reader of "Pearson's Weekly" who possesses any sum of money from £1 upwards.

Seven per cent. Interest and Banking by Post.

Safety and High Interest!

Profitable "inside" information and substantial Financial support!

Four things we all require: four things we all jump at when we are given the opportunity of obtaining them.

For in the financial world of to-day, when competition is fierce and strenuous, when the struggle for success is always bitter and often prolonged, when every effort we make, every step forward we take brings us up in contact with one or other of the tremendous organised forces of capital which control the world, it is necessary for us to obtain some substantial "backing," some assistance which is experienced, powerful, and in short "worth having" if we are not to be crushed out in the struggle by the gigantic powers against which individual strength, unless supported by much gold, is of little or no avail.

Say for instance we are engaged in some occupation at a remuneration of from £2 to £3 a week. What can we hope to do with such a sum? How can we, without special knowledge, without any extraordinary genius for accumulating money, without a large fortune behind us, ever hope to place ourselves in so wealthy a position that the future for us has no terrors; that the competition stress of the world around us, the tumult, the shouting, and the fight is to us, safely protected by the forces of dividend-paying gold, a matter of supreme indifference?

Well there is only one way for anyone thus situated, and this is by becoming a member of some wealthy financial establishment, or a customer of some powerful bank which will extend its protection to our small savings, which will help us with intimate inside expert knowledge of the affairs of the money market, and which will, when necessary, give us that weighty financial support, which strong in its accumulated and invested capital it is so well-competent to give.

And how is a reader of *Pearson's Weekly* to do this?

Well, it is not so difficult as it may seem. Indeed, we can put you in the right track at once. It is an opportunity which should certainly be looked into—and then—if you are satisfied with the things it offers—seized.

One of the greatest and most respected banks of London has lately opened its doors to the man and woman of small and moderate means.

INTEREST OF 7 PER CENT.

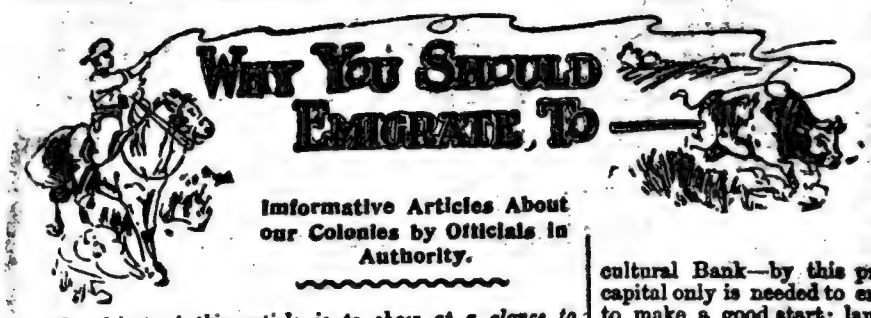
That is to say that arrangements have been made by which anyone who possesses any sum of money from £1 in amount upwards or who owns any securities, of whatever their value, can open an account, deposit or current, with the bank and receive on every farthing thus deposited—no matter how small the amount—high interest of 4 per cent., 5 per cent., 6 per cent., or 7 per cent.

You can open your account with £1. You can make your payments and withdrawals as frequently as you like, and, by reason of the arrangements made by which interest is calculated every month on the average daily balance at the bank, you are always certain of getting your full return for the money thus deposited.

The interests of a bank's customers are the interests of the bank and *vice versa*. And so, when a customer requires temporary financial support or assistance, whether his or her account be a small one or a large one, whether it be one of £1 or one of £10,000, the bank will use every endeavour to meet its customer's needs on the most favourable and convenient terms.

Special arrangements again have been made by this bank for convenience of those to whom frequent personal visits to the bank buildings would be impossible or difficult. Especially, of course, does this apply to residents in the country districts. The bank has introduced the practice of banking by post, which means, that if you wish to open an account, or conduct any other banking business you can do so by means of the splendid facilities given by the postal authorities of this country.

But these few notes give the reader but a very poor idea of the splendid advantages which anyone can obtain by becoming a customer of this high-interest paying, first-class London bank. Those who desire additional information and detailed facts upon the question should write at once to the Manager, Feltham's Bank, Ltd., for a most interesting book entitled **Profitable Banking Accounts**, written by a leading authority on Finance, which describes the whole subject in detail and gives in particular a full account of Feltham's Bank, the advantages it gives, and the way in which readers of *Pearson's Weekly* may enormously benefit through its agency. A copy of this most useful, most valuable work will be sent to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, post free, and free also of any charge, on application to The Manager, Feltham's Bank Ltd., 96 Victoria Street, London, S.W., or 2 Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]



Informative Articles About our Colonies by Officials in Authority.

[The object of this article is to show at a glance to anyone who is thinking of emigrating exactly where, having regard to his present position in life and resources, he will stand the best chance. Many an intending emigrant selects some colony haphazard, only to find that there are conditions which he cannot fulfil, and, thinking that these regulations are enforced by every colony, gives up his idea.]

No. 1.—CANADA.

By the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration.

Because Canada is the nearest and the greatest of the self-governing British Dominions, possessing enormous natural resources which provide an infinite variety of openings for energetic and brainy British men and women, and for the investment of British capital on sound lines.

For the greatest number, however, the most satisfactory openings are to be found in agricultural pursuits. Free farms and cheap land of high fertility are to be obtained everywhere, whether in the eastern provinces, in the prairie regions of the middle west, or on the Pacific slope in British Columbia.

Mixed farming, stock, dairying, and other forms of husbandry are characteristic of Eastern Canada. Here the relatively large population, coupled with an astonishing expansion of manufacturing industries of late years, make for good local markets. The export also of produce to the British and foreign markets is well organised. For a considerable proportion of the British immigrants the conditions here are most suitable.

This is particularly true of the Maritime Provinces, where hardly a tenth of the available land suitable for agriculture is under cultivation. The prices of improved farms are also lower than elsewhere, and within the reach of men of modest means.

In the west, wheat is king, and the quality raised ensures a natural preference for the Canadian product in the markets of the world. The Government still holds 120 million acres of good prairie land for free settlement, and the railway construction programme now being carried out will provide access to all these lands within a few years at most.

British Columbia is *par excellence* the land of close settlement, of intensive farming and of fruit-growing, and the rapid settlement taking place on the prairies will provide a market for everything that can be raised. Fruit-growing, moreover, is an established and profitable industry over wide areas in Nova Scotia, in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and around the great Lakes in Ontario. Fruit-growing is capable of immense expansion.

It will be seen that the man with small capital and practical experience has at once a wide range of choice in Canada. If without experience he can acquire it in the best way by working for a season with a local farmer. He will obtain wages while so learning. The demand for farm labour is universal, and the skilled farm labourer is at a premium. Even the callow youth, provided he has health and strength, is willing to work and adaptable, is gladly recruited for farms at a self-supporting wage, until the acquisition of experience brings its fuller reward.

A very few years of hard work and thrift will generally see the labourer become the freeholder of his farm and join the ranks of the yeoman farmers of the country, with a competency gained and an independence assured.

Every assistance is given by the Canadian Government in placing on farms the skilled and unskilled desiring employment. The same consideration is given to railroad construction men required for the thousands of miles of new lines now building. This work, well paid and likely to last for some years, provides the means for the steady man of character and ambition to take up the free grant and settle down to farming.

No. 2.—WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

By the Hon. C. H. Rason (Agent-General).

Western Australia most needs farmers, orchardists, agricultural labourers, and market-gardeners. Western Australia grants unique concessions to settlers—among them, 160 acres of agricultural land free to the head of a family and every male over sixteen years of age, on easy conditions of residence and labour.

Additional first-class agricultural land, up to 2,000 acres, can be purchased from the Crown, at 10s. per acre, payable in 20 years at the rate of 3d. per acre per half year, without interest: loans to farmers repayable over 30 years, on very easy terms from the Government Agricultural Bank—by this provison a small amount of capital only is needed to enable the industrious settler to make a good start; land surveys are carried out by the State at half charge to the selector.

If an intending settler has a capital of £250 or over, the State will pay a proportion of the cost of a third-class passage for himself, wife, and family, and land them at Perth as cheaply as they can get to Winnipeg. The climate is healthy and pleasant, droughts are unknown, and farm work can be carried on all the year round.

With State railways, free lands, free education, no poor rate, no tithes, a splendid climate, great natural resources—agricultural and mineral—a home market and prospects of a large export trade, Western Australia has an assured future. The output of gold is £8,000,000 per annum, and the industrial classes and domestic servants obtain the highest wages in the world.

No. 3.—TASMANIA.

By the Agent-General.

The Government of Tasmania welcomes settlers. It does not, however, give free grants of land or assisted passages.

Farming is uncertain in Tasmania, as in other parts of the world, but a good living can be made at it if a man is hardworking, steady, and intelligent, and his family, if he has one, is able to help him, as labour is dear. A moderate capital is essential for the would-be farmer, and persons emigrating, such as artisans and farm labourers, should have sufficient money to keep them until work is obtained, and they should be prepared to take any work that is offered to them.

On the other hand, to the superior class of emigrant Tasmania offers great attractions—a truly magnificent climate, which has caused it to be named the "halcyon isle," great agricultural and mineral wealth, splendid sport, and, generally speaking, life under almost ideal conditions. Tasmania is especially suited to people living on a small pension.

Illustrated pamphlets on general farming can be had on application to me.

No. 4.—NATAL.

By Sir William Arbuckle (Agent-General).

Speaking from over fifty years' experience of Natal I can confidently say that any steady, healthy man, who is not afraid to turn his hand to the first job that comes to it, should make a living there. Natal is especially suited to men with agricultural knowledge and a moderate amount of capital.

Inducements are now offered by the Natal Government to take up allotments on the Winterton Emigration Settlement (full details of which may be had on application to me at 26 Victoria Street, S.W.), under the most favourable conditions. The settler may be certain that he has suitable land and that, provided he works hard and well, success is assured.

There are many farmers in the land at present, but there is ample room for more. The climate is delightful and sub-tropical. On the coast where the sugar and tea plantations are situated it is certainly hot for about three months in the year, but personally I have felt the heat far more in London than in Durban. In the uplands the climate could certainly not be improved upon. Natal is an ideal health resort.

Natal is essentially a British Colony, and life there, though it differs in some respects from life in England, is most enjoyable and healthy.

No. 5.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

By T. A. Coghlan, I.S.O. (Agent-General).

New South Wales offers great attractions to settlers desirous of making a comfortable living in agricultural pursuits.

It is only within the last ten years that the great possibilities of agriculture in New South Wales have begun to be realised. Within the territory which enjoys over twenty-five inches annual rainfall, and which hitherto was used only as sheep and cattle runs, many vast estates are being sub-divided into farms of from 250 to 300 acres, on which, by a combination of wheat-growing and sheep-rearing, or by dairy farming, freehold farmers are making a comfortable income.

The New South Wales Government believe it is better to start new settlers on lands already partly improved, and so obviate the delay and expense caused in many other countries by the heavy initial clearing operations. Hence the Government assist new settlers to take up partially-improved farms.

Unimproved farming lands may be obtained at prices ranging from £1 per acre.

The cultivation of land is carried on under such favourable conditions that a crop of as little as seventeen bushels of wheat usually gives a profit of 30s. per acre, irrespectively of the value of the straw, or of the green food afforded to sheep which are run on the stubble. The Government owns the railways; hence carriage is cheap.

Taxation in the agricultural districts is only nominal, while even in the metropolitan areas it amounts to only 1s. 6d. in the pound. Nearly twenty-five per cent. of the population have deposits in the savings banks.

Settlers are met on arrival in Sydney by a Government official, who puts them in the way of securing agricultural employment, or if they are capitalists, suitable agricultural land. Men with a small capital have great opportunities of securing land at very low rates. Partly cleared farming lands can frequently be obtained at from £2 to £3 an acre, and these payments are spread over a number of years. In fact, the Government does everything possible to see that suitable settlers are given every facility for successfully pursuing their calling.

No. 6.—NEW ZEALAND.

By the Hon. W. P. Reeves (High Commissioner).

Because the fine climate, the richness of much of the soil, the high average yield of wheat, the fact that New Zealand stands first of all the colonies in its sheep-rearing capacity, and that its mutton commands the highest price in the English market, all tend to make the country a promising field for farmers and agriculturists generally, and to inspire the belief that there cannot be much doubt as to the future of those who are prepared for steady work and some self-denial, and are prepared to rough it a little during their first years as colonists.

Because, although there is not more chance of making a large fortune in New Zealand than there is anywhere else, yet a comfortable living, a house in healthy surroundings, a fair start for their children, and a reasonable provision for their own future are within the reach of emigrants if they are careful and industrious.

Because an old-age pension is granted to every person of sixty-five years and upwards who has resided for twenty-five years in New Zealand, and has not been imprisoned for certain specified periods.

Because New Zealand's export trade is steadily increasing, having risen from £10,518,000 in 1898 to £20,069,600 in 1907.

Because poverty is practically unknown there.

I may add that farmers and agriculturists with a small capital are most required, and to such persons, approved by the High Commissioner, assisted passages are granted. For artisans and mechanics there is not much demand in New Zealand, the local supply being for the most part sufficient.

At the same time, there is an opening for men of this class, who, in addition to being specialists in one trade, are handymen of good physical strength.

For feminine domestic servants, especially for general servants, there is a good demand throughout the country, and to these assisted passages are granted.

Highly educated but penniless men and women are not wanted.

Drowning Lady (to shop assistant on the bank): "Help! I'm drowning! Throw me a life-belt."

Affable Shop Assistant: "Certainly, madam; what size do you take?"

"I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited £10,000 from my uncle."

"Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me! Your uncle is nothing to me! I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."

The browbeating counsel does not always get the best of it. "I can teach you law, sir, but I cannot teach you manners," thundered an enraged K.C. to a more than usually trying witness. The latter smiled slightly. "That is true," he said.

"See that you don't get hurt, Sam. It's dangerous working here in the quarry."

"Oh! nothing can happen to me, Joe. I've borrowed ten shillings from the foreman, and since then he doesn't let me do any dangerous work."

£150,000

FOR USERS OF WATSON'S PRIZE SOAPS

Never before have users of WATSON'S PRIZE SOAPS had such amazing value offered them. 750,000 Prizes, worth £150,000, are to be distributed among those who save their wrappers. The sooner you start, the better your prize.

WATSON'S PRIZES!

Start Wrapper-saving To-day!

[illegible] Cash Prizes, £50 each.
[illegible] Gunner Dickard and Collard], £25 each.
[illegible] Fish Frypans, £20 each.
[illegible] Gunner [illegible], style [illegible], 10 steps, £20 each.
[illegible] Jones's Sewing Machine Cabinets, £15 each.
[illegible] Oak Cabinets fitted with 100 pieces of the finest A1 Quality Silver Plate and Cutlery, £20 the each.
[illegible] Jones's Treadle Sewing Machines, £20 7s. 6d. each.
[illegible] Jones's Hand or Treadle Sewing Machines, £2 10s. each.
[illegible] Jones's G.H. Hand Sewing Machines, [illegible] each.
[illegible] Jones's Hand Sewing Machines, £4 4s. each.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Tea and Coffee Services, £5 15s. each.
[illegible] English Lever Watches, in rolled-gold cases, £3 3s. each.
[illegible] Soup Fish Knives and Forks, A1 Silver Plate, mounted in sterling silver, £3 each.
[illegible] Marble-top Clocks, £3 3s. each.
[illegible] Ladies' Dressing Cases, £3 3s. each.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Tea Sets, £1 15s. per set.
[illegible] Sets Fish Knives and Forks, A1 Silver Plate, £1 10s. per set.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Tea-Sets, £1 10s. per set.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Cake Baskets, £1 7s. 6d. each.
[illegible] Cases of Carvers, 5 pieces £1 5s. per set.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Hot Water Jugs, £1 5s. 6d. each.
[illegible] A1 Silver-Plated Biscuit Boxes, £1 1s. each.
1000 A1 Silver-Plated Tea Pots, 17s. 6d. each.
1000 Pairs Splendid Blankets, 15s. 6d. per pair.
1000 A1 Silver-Plated Crest Frames, 15s. 6d. each.
1000 Cases Table Knives and Forks, 12s. per set.
1000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 12s. each.
1000 Cases of White-Handled Small Knives and Forks, 10s. per set.
1000 Sets ½-dozen A1 Silver-Plated Forks, 10s. per ½-dozen.
1000 Pairs of Useful Blankets, 12s. 6d. per pair.
1000 Cases Silver-Mounted Carvers, and Steel, 12s. 6d. per set.
1000 Pairs Best Quality Sheets, 12s. 6d. per pair.
1000 Lovely Table Cloths, 12s. 6d. each.
2000 Sets ½-dozen A1 Silver-Plated Dessert Spoons, 11s. 6d. per ½ dozen.
2000 Sets ½-dozen A1 Silver-Plated Dessert Forks, 11s. per ½-dozen.
2000 Handsome Cosy-covers, 17s. each.
2000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 10s. 6d. each.
2000 Cases of ½-dozen A1 Silver-Plated Tea Spoons and Tongs, 10s. 6d. per set.
2000 A1 Silver-Plated Luncheon Cruets, 10s. each.
2000 Useful Dress Lengths, 9s. 6d. each.
2000 Sets ½-dozen Silver-Mounted Knives, 8s. per ½-dozen.
2000 Ladies' Choice Silk Skirts, 8s. 11d. each.
2000 Sets ½ dozen Silver-Mounted Knives, 8s. 6d. per ½-dozen.
2000 Splendid Single Blankets, 8s. 3d. each.
2000 Useful Dress Lengths, 6s. each.
2000 Sets of Carvers, 7s. 6d. per set.
2000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 7s. 6d. each.
2000 Pairs of Carvers and Steel, 7s. per pair.
2000 A1 Butter Dishes, 7s. each.
5000 Useful Single Blankets, 6s. 6d. each.
5000 ½-dozen Table Knives, 6s. 6d. per ½-dozen.
5000 ½-dozen small Knives, 6s. per ½-dozen.
2000 Cases of 3 Brushes, Comb, and Mirror, 6s. per set.
10000 Pairs of Steel Carvers, 5s. 6d. per pair.
10000 Sets of 3 Table Knives and 3 Table Forks, 4s. 3d. per set.
10000 ½-doz. Tea Spoons, 5s. per ½-doz.
10000 Very Choice Coloured Shawls, 4s. 11d. each.
10000 Sets of 3 Small Knives and 3 Small Forks, 4s. 3d. per set.
10000 ½-doz. Table Knives, 4s. 6d. per ½ doz.
10000 ½-doz. Small Knives, 4s. 3d. per ½ dozen.
10000 Sets of 3 Boot brushes, 4s. 3d. per set.
15000 ½-dozen Dessert Spoons, 4s. per ½-doz.
20000 Ladies' Fashionable Blouses, 3s. 9d. each.
20000 ½-doz. Dessert Forks, 3s. 6d. per ½-doz.
20000 A1 Silver-plated Jam Jars, 3s. 3d. each.
20000 Choice A1 Silver Plated Salt Cellars and Spoons, 3s. per set.
20000 A1 Silver-Plated Cream Jugs, 3s. 3d. each.
20000 ½-doz. Fine Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d. per ½-doz.
20000 Cake Knives, 2s. 3d. each.
20000 Ladies' Companion Needle Cases, 2s. each.
20000 Useful Bath Towels, 1s. 6d. each.
20000 Face Towels, 1s. 6d. each.
20000 ½-doz. Tea Spoons, 1s. 6d. per ½ dozen.
20000 A1 Silver-Plated Sugar Sifters, 1s. 3d. each.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION

1. The Prize Scheme is divided equally into two separate distributions. The first will close on December 31st, 1908, and the second on September 30th, 1909.
2. Prizes will be despatched on or about February 1st and November 1st, 1909, respectively.
3. Full postage or carriage must be paid, and the sender's name and full postal address, together with the number of wrappers sent, must be enclosed, all distinctly and clearly written, or the parcel will be disqualified.
4. Wrappers must be complete, and placed in rolls of 50, then all tied together in one parcel. Where more than one parcel is received from one household, the Company reserves the right of treating them as one lot.
5. Not less than 50 wrappers will be accepted.
6. Wrappers to be sent to Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than December 31st, 1908, or September 30th, 1909.
7. No employee of the Company may compete.
8. The first prize will be awarded to the one sending in the highest number of wrappers, and so on to the end.
9. The decision of Joseph Watson and Sons Ltd. is to be final.
10. None but wrappers from "Watson's Matchless Cleanser," "Nubolic," and "Sparkla" Soaps are counted; all others will be destroyed.

WATSON'S PICTURES!

For the benefit of users of their soaps, Joseph Watson and Sons Ltd. have acquired, at immense cost, the sole copyright of the beautiful oil painting, "Baby's First Tooth," by Fred Morgan. Signed proofs of this artistic work on India paper, would, if sold by a publisher, cost £3 3s. per copy. After May 15th a charming gravure reproduction, on fine plate paper, size 28½ inches by 23 inches, perfect in every way, and exquisite enough to please the most cultured taste, will be sent absolutely free of cost, and postage paid to any user of Watson's three Prize Soaps who fulfils the stated conditions. This picture is unobtainable elsewhere at any price. All that is necessary is to send to Jos. Watson and Sons Ltd., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, the following 48 soap-wrappers in one parcel:—

18 wrappers from WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER
12 wrappers from NUBOLIC Royal Disinfectant Soap
18 wrappers from SPARKLA Polishing Soap; making 48 wrappers in all.

Watson's Prize Soaps

Watson's Matchless Cleanser

Help—real, gratifying, every-day help, more help than you'd believe any soap could render—that's one benefit Watson's Matchless Cleanser offers you. Why not let a tablet prove it? For house-cleaning, clothes-washing, and all-round usefulness, Watson's Matchless Cleanser has no equal. Price refunded if you have cause for complaint. No confusing odd-weights about *this* soap—every tablet, when manufactured, is guaranteed to weigh a full pound (16oz.). Its price is 3d. Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere supply it.

Sparkla

If you take a pride in seeing your metal-work spick and span—shining like a new pin—you'll find Sparkla Polishing Soap the most useful pennyworth in the world. Pots or pans, bells or knockers, fenders or fire-irons—SPARKLA is a wonder for getting a shine on them. SPARKLA cleans all paintwork and marble, removes obstinate stains, makes the greasiest, grimiest cooking utensils just like new. Sold in 1d. and 3d. Tablets by Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere.

Nubolic

Disinfectant Soap brings health to the sickroom. Disease germs, infection, bad odours simply fly from homes where Watson's Nubolic Soap is used. The purity, health, and freshness that Nubolic brings to the sickroom, it brings to kitchen, pantry, scullery, bedroom, and living-room also. Try Nubolic—prove for yourself that both as an all-round soap and as a health safeguard Nubolic is the cheapest, surest, and most useful ever manufactured. Nubolic is packed in full lb. (16oz.), 3½d.; ½-lb. (12oz.), 3d.; ½-lb. (8oz.), 2d.; and sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere.

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS.

V.3

"The Story of My Life,"

BY

HALL CAINE,

Commences in the Easter Number of

M.A.P.

NOW ON SALE.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

This week you will read how after Stuart has learnt an important secret from Mrs Brettal, the body of her sailor son comes to light.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE.

The Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

The little old woman told Stuart how she had come to London from her village home, urged to the journey by her anxiety for her son. She had seen by chance one of the solicitor's advertisements in regard to Brettal, and had called at his office that morning. Her persistence had extracted from the clerks his private address. Now, having run him to earth, she seemed to think her purpose was completed.

"Where is Richard, please, sir? I'm that eager to see my boy."

"I can't tell you, my good woman. I've been asking myself that question these months past."

"You're a lawyer, ain't you? and lawyers are sharp."

"Not sharp enough to trace your son, Mrs. Brettal."

The old woman's eyes flashed with a sudden keenness. She rose, her bent form tense with emotion.

"He's not been done away with!" she cried. "I'll have the law on those that hurt him. . . . Did my son see you many times before you lost sight of him, sir?" The woman's accent showed traces of education at times strangely at variance with her appearance.

"I had only one interview with him."

She hesitated, then with a swift spurt of courage looked him in the face.

"Did he tell you, sir, that he'd been sent for to London by a rich man?"

"No, he did not. You must speak plainly, Mrs. Brettal, if I am to help you."

"He was sent for by Sir Douglas Blythe," she answered, "over a year ago." She watched him, a look half-frightened, half-cunning in her eyes. "He knew something the baronet wanted to keep a secret—a great secret it was, and I'm afeared that my boy didn't keep his mouth shut, and that"—she paused, shaken with a palsy of terror—"I'm afeared Sir Douglas killed my boy!" she cried.

"What was the secret Brettal knew? I tell you again that if I am to help you, you must tell me all the truth."

"Do you think my son's alive? Answer me that."

The solicitor shook his head.

"I've advertised all over the world," he answered. "I've communicated with the police at all the ports. I must have heard of him if he'd been living."

The woman's face twitched. She grew tremulous.

"If he's alive he'll never forgive me—never. If he's dead. . . . I'll take the risk, sir," she said, after a pause. "I'll tell you all the truth. Sir Douglas sent for Richard because he thought he was his son."

"His son! You must be raving!"

"I'll tell you. There was a baby sent to Norham four-and-twenty years ago—a love child most people thought it was; my brother, Matthew Gould, had the care of him. The child was sent away again at two years old, though the villagers didn't know it. Another baby was put in the child's place—my baby. I came back to Matthew with a child just two years old.

"I wasn't married, sir, and Matt was stricken to the heart at the thought of the shame I'd brought upon our name. So my baby was brought up as the love child who'd been sent to him, and was called by the name of his father, Brettal. I never asked my brother what happened to the other boy. He was a stern man, and I was afeared of him; but when he lay dying he told me that the baby had been born in lawful wedlock, and that he was the son of Sir Douglas Blythe.

"His wife, it seems, had taken a hatred to her husband, and hid the child to spite him. Matthew used the money sent to him by Lady Blythe upon her boy—mine got none of it. He was educated fine, and at the last his mother sent Matt a matter of £5,000—so my brother told me—saying the boy was never to know who his people were. Matt told me that as he lay dying. He told me something else—the name by which he called the boy.

"No one knew but him—not even his own mother. She was fair heartbroken when she found Matthew too far gone to tell her. It seemed she'd repented of putting the baby from her, and wanted him back. I told her nothing; I was thinking out my plans. My boy Richard had gone to sea when Matthew died; he'd been apprenticed from a lad. Before he came back from his voyage Sir Douglas came down to the village and set about making inquiries. My brother was dead, his wife had died before him, and all the children were scattered. I was the only one left. He got talking to me about the child Matthew had brought up, and I told him, cautious-like, about Richard. Sir Douglas left a note to be given him when he came home from sea. I gave my boy the letter; it was to tell him to go up to town and he'd hear something to his advantage. He was to call at the office of Sir Douglas Blythe. And then—may God forgive me!—I told my boy he was Sir Douglas's son—the son of a rich man, born in lawful wedlock. . . . I've never seen him since," she cried, with a sudden burst of grief; "since I lied to him I've never seen my boy."

Stuart eyed the old woman grimly. Her tale convinced him, but it unravelled the mystery of Brettal's disappearance not a whit. He rose, and helped himself to whisky. He was in need of stimulant; his mind for the moment was confused. He pictured the horror of Sir Douglas when Brettal, drunken and besotted, presented himself at the house on the night of the big reception, hot foot from a visit to the enemy; the words of his terrible affidavit moist upon his lips. Small wonder if in his wrath Sir Douglas had struck him—he surely *had* struck him.

Stuart dropped his tumbler with a sudden start. Lady Blythe's mysterious illness, Betty Rendle's nervous fright. The solution was plain. Blythe had murdered his son; his wife had lost her reason on the discovery

The picture of Rosalie as he had seen her that afternoon gave the lie to the surmise. Rosalie, the incarnation of womanhood, instinct with mother love, it was sacrilege to think she would remain an hour—a minute—with the man who she believed had killed her son. True, that for some unexplained reason, she had parted with her boy; but she had hungered for him ever since. He could not judge her—he would not judge her. But one thing he was convinced—if Blythe had killed her boy, the breadth of the earth would not be space enough for her to set between them.

"Did you hear from your son after he came to London?"

"I only had one letter, sir. Richard was proud of being a gentleman, and I belonged to humble folk. He told me in the letter that Sir Douglas had refused to make it public that he was his son, but Richard said he was going to make him—he was going to see Sir Douglas the very next day. Here's the letter, sir." She produced the scrawl. Stuart looked no farther than the date. It was the day preceding the one on which Brettal had called at the house in Park Lane; he had never been heard of since.

"Did you see my boy after he called at the gentleman's, sir?"

"No." Stuart was constrained to tell the truth, despite a growing anxiety to prevent the consequences of the murder—if murder it had been—recoiling on Blythe's head.

"You haven't heard of him or seen him?"

He shook his head.

"Then he couldn't have come out of the house alive. . . . What are you going to do, sir?" She stared at him with hard, bright eyes. Her grief seemed frozen into a desire for vengeance. "It's your business to punish the wrongdoer and deliver the murderer to justice."

"In the first place, Mrs. Brettal, we've got to prove your son *is* murdered; until we find his body the law supposes him to be alive."

"You mean to say the law won't punish the man who killed him?" she asked, obstinately incredulous.

"The law won't move until the body of your son is discovered. I quite understand how you feel, Mrs. Brettal. I deeply sympathise with you. I am ready to help you discover who killed your son—if he be killed; but if I undertake the case you must put yourself in my hands and do just as I tell you."

"What's that, sir?"

"You must remain quite quiet, see nobody, talk to no one, till I give you leave Have you any friends in London."

"None, sir."

"Then you'd better stay here. My housekeeper will look after you."

"Thank you kindly; but—but"—her lips quivered—"ain't you going to do nothing?" she pleaded, relapsing into the vernacular.

"I'm going to do my best to discover your son's body. I shall leave London to-morrow and return in three days' time. I shall, I hope, have news for you. Now, Mrs. Brettal, you must be tired. I suggest you have some supper and get to bed. My housekeeper will look after you, and do her best to make you comfortable."

He interviewed his respectable factotum, and impressed on her the importance of looking after the old woman very carefully. She was to be kept very quiet and see no one.

The wily reporter is very much abroad in the land in these days of yellow journalism. Stuart realised Mrs. Brettal's story would be a scoop for a pressman. For Rosalie's sake he must try to keep the scandal of her son's birth from becoming public. The baronet builded better than he knew when he brought Stuart under the gracious influence of his wife.

The solicitor decided to cross to Ireland first. Then the next morning Nan's passionate assertions that the man who had ruined her brother was Sir Douglas for the first time gained credence in his mind. Was it possible that after all Blythe was an accomplished villain, and that his doubts concerning him had been the instincts of truth? His wife, did she suspect? Was that the reason why she'd parted from her son? Oh, Rosalie, poor mother, what a fate!

He decided to go to Nan. She might find means to put him into communication with Natt. The latter had been in hiding since his murderous assault at Stuart's office, but his sister would probably know how to get into communication with him. Natt, once found, under threat of prosecution must be made to tell what he knew of Blythe in regard to Brettal. Stuart felt the finding of Natt would give him the key to the mystery.

He arrived at the little fishing village on the west of Ireland, tired out with a rough passage, late at night. He put up at the local inn, and delayed sending Nan word of his arrival till the next morning

He found her the centre of a group of ragged children, highly redolent of fish, with the soft dark hair and melting eyes of their country

He came behind her, resting his hand on her shoulder. A red blush of delight dyed her white neck, ran up her soft cheeks, and lost itself in her fair hair.

"Hedley!" she cried, and her eyes said all the rest.

Some few minutes he devoted to her pleasure, listened patiently to her delight at his arrival, admired the improvement in her health, and interchanged a few lover-like phrases.

He did not long allow her to enjoy this gentle dalliance. He brought her to earth with a crash. In a few bald words he asked if she could help him trace her brother.

"Something has happened which inclines me to think your notions in regard to Blythe less fantastic than I did. I want to see your brother and extort from him what he knows of Sir Douglas."

"Natt would never give him away," she sighed.

"That remains to be seen. At the finish, like most of us, he will prefer to save his own skin and another's. There are not many saints like you, Nan. Anyway, we must try. I shall threaten him with prosecution for assault unless he tells me what he knows of Blythe. . . . I hope you're not going to be troublesome on this matter, Nan. For your sake, I'll not injure Natt; but if I am ever to come to the truth as to Blythe's real character, I must put the screw on him."

"I'll do just as you tell me, Hedley, so long as you promise you won't put Natt in prison."

"Make your mind easy on that score," he answered, grimly, and put her through a searching examination as to Mr. Drake's movements. She told him fully what she knew of her brother's haunts. Stuart was moved to telegraph to an inquiry agent, telling him to watch the places she mentioned.

He went for a long tramp across country in the afternoon, leaving Nan to the care of Peggy and the fisher children. The sky was overcast; the wind was rising, sobbing over the country like a lost child. The long white breakers of the Atlantic answered the call with a hoarse murmur.

He had had enough of it by the time he got back to Kelmavan. The little town seemed deserted. Not a soul was to be seen in the street. The beach, however, was dotted with figures, all hastening towards a fishing smack, which had reached the harbour in the teeth of the gale.

The rain had ceased, but the waves, under a leaden sky, still raised white-creasted wrath to heaven. The wind was blowing great guns. Stuart with difficulty kept his footing, and struggled in the wake of a little old woman and a burly fisherman.

Down by the shore he caught sight of Nan's slight figure. Her head was bare, her shawl streamed in the wind. He turned towards her, moved by a quick feeling of compunction. The little old woman called to him as he passed, but her voice was drowned in the gale.

"What's up!" Stuart pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"We're in a delicious state of uncertainty," said Peggy, radiant in a fisherman's sou'wester and pea jacket. "I've been out with the fishing smack, you must know, Hedley. As the gale beat up, my dear old friend Dan Murphy insisted on putting back to shore. I was remonstrating with him, when I caught sight of a large and mysterious something bobbing up and down in the waves. Dan and his sons investigated the mystery with boathooks, and discovered it to be a chest. They managed to fasten a rope round it, and towed it ashore. And now—I'm on the tiptoe of expectation. I think it's buried treasure, Dan inclines to tobacco. Nan says it's a keg of whisky——"

Her speech was interrupted by violent gusts of wind, that choked her utterance and strove to take possession of her hat. The noise of the men's hammers as they knocked the lid off the chest made a ringing accompaniment to the thunder of the sea.

"Make haste!" Peggy's voice cried above the storm.

At last the lid was wrenched off, only to disclose a second case beneath. The men did not wait to use more skill, but splintered up the boards and stove the sides in, until at last the contents of the chest were open to view.

Then a scream rent the air, and a girl at the first look fell on her knees.

Upturned to the sky, staring with sightless eyeballs, was a dead man's face. His form, wrapped in a sheet, was huddled in the chest. Stuart, a strange fear at his heart, turned the covering away. There was a deep cut in the dead man's breast, a black and gaping wound. He stood staring at the face, swollen and black, before him.

"Let me see." The little old woman, clutching at Stuart's arm, bent over the dead face. For the first time he was aware of her, and recognised her.

"Mrs. Brettal, you here!"

She paid no heed to him; she was studying the dead eyes, the dead lips, the sightless eyes, with a look in her face that comes to a woman only once in her life, at the death of her firstborn.

"Richard!" she cried. "Richard! My son, my son!"

The sea had given up its dead. Brettal had come home!

(Another instalment next week.)

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

Why is PEARSON'S MAGAZINE like a seat in the Cabinet? (See page 742).

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Nettle Spinach.

Cut some nice young nettle tops, wash and boil them as you would cabbage. Drain, and then chop them, adding butter, pepper and salt, and use as you would spinach.

Orangeade.

If you suffer so much from thirst and are tired of lemon, why not try orangeade? It is delicious and very wholesome. Slice the orange and pour over it three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, sweeten to taste, and leave till cold. (*Reply to* INVALID.)

To Make Good Mint Sauce.

Wash a large handful of mint, pick off the leaves and tender shoots. Shake them dry in a cloth, then chop on a board till very fine. Dissolve a teaspoonful of brown sugar in a little boiling water, when cold add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the mint and a little pepper. (*Reply to* MAIDIE.)

A Good Milk Biscuit

Is made as follows: Warm two ounces of fresh butter in a gill of milk and with it make a pound of dried flour into a stiff dough. Beat with a rolling-pin and work it very smooth. Roll out to an eighth of an inch thick, cut into small round cakes, prick each with a fork, and bake for ten minutes in a brisk oven, watching so that the biscuits do not take colour. (*Reply to* ELVIRA.)

Old Potatoes

At this season are not as good as they were, and yet new potatoes are too dear for the economical housewife. She will be well advised to try this recipe, which is economical and tasty. Chop old potatoes roughly, and put a layer in a greased pie-dish; season with salt and pepper and a little powdered mace, add a few bits of dripping and dredge with flour. Repeat until the dish is full, pour milk over it, and then bake for half an hour.

Cowslip Wine.

You are quite right to ask for this recipe in good time. Boil nine gallons of water with twenty-five pounds of loaf preserving sugar, and set it to work for thirty-six hours. Put in a tub the juice and peel of nine Seville oranges, the pips, and nine gallons of cowslip flowers. Over these pour the sugar and water, and stir daily for a week. Then strain, add a quart of brandy, put the wine into a barrel, and after two months bottle it. (*Reply to* SUSSEX DOWNS.)

Ginger and Rhubarb Pudding.

Grease a basin or plain mould and line it with slices of bread. Stew some rhubarb with sugar to taste and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger. While still hot, pour the stewed fruit on the bread; cover with a piece of bread, cut to the size of the top of the basin. Place a saucer or small plate on the top of the pudding, and press it with a heavy weight. When cold, turn out and serve with a little plain custard. Lemon rind finely chopped may be substituted for the ginger.

Potato Salad.

I quite see your difficulty in getting salad at the present time. Lettuce is specially scarce, and consequently dear this year owing to the cold winter, so if you are tired of watercress and small cress, the salad question is a difficult one. I find potato salad is most popular. Slice some cold boiled potato into a dish, and if you have them add an equal quantity of boiled haricot beans. Chop some beetroot, and add. Then in a cup put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of vinegar, a teaspoonful of tarragon, pepper and salt. Mix thoroughly and pour over the salad. Lastly sprinkle a little chopped parsley over as a garnish. (*Reply to* WILTSHIRE WOMAN.)

Now Eggs are Plentiful

Once more, a few suggestions as to cooking them will no doubt be acceptable. (1) A knowing cook of my acquaintance will poach eggs in milk seasoned with salt and pepper or stock for a change. When the eggs are cooked and set on their squares of toast, the milk, or stock, is thickened, then poured over the eggs. (2) Set half a gill of water in a small saucepan with a gill of good gravy and a teaspoonful of vinegar; place the pan over the fire and directly its contents boil up, stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. When the sauce thickens, pour it round half-a-dozen shelled hard boiled eggs. Garnish the whole with sippets of toast and parsley.

No. 17312, Paper pattern, 6d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

THE IDEAL TUNIC.

How do you dress your little son? It is to be hoped you don't try to make a "pretty" boy of him. It isn't natural. Boys will romp from the moment they can toddle, and as to becoming grubby, on that point they excel.

It follows, then, that a boy's dress should be trim and neat, so that it may be kept in order with as little trouble as possible.

I wish you could have seen for yourselves the pretty tunic of blue-and-white check from which our artist made her sketch (No. 17312). The paper pattern of this, on sale at these offices, is for a little lad of two to four. Nothing could be simpler. Both back and front are composed of two box-pleats each, but the pleats are inverted and the edges are stitched, on either side, from neck to waist.

The bodice is lined but not the sleeves—that is to say, no lining-sleeve pattern is provided. So if you wish to line the sleeve, you had better cut lining and material from the same pattern, to render the washing and ironing as easy as possible.

And, best of all, it takes so very little stuff; only a yard and three-quarters of double-width material. In fact, for a couple of shillings, you could turn out this tunic at home and get much good service from it.

IS LOVE IRRESISTIBLE?

IT has been said that the very intensity of a great passion will kindle corresponding fires in another's bosom. But this cannot be true, else why so many unreciprocated attachments?

Surely these victims of a hopeless love would not rest voluntarily in its fetters, they would be only too glad to throw its chains over their enchantress. No, it is not true that love begets love. Many a man has almost worshipped one particular woman for years, and never been able to create even a spark of love in return.

And the name is legion of those who have married with but a one-sided affection between them. And does the other side never respond to, never return this depth of feeling? Very seldom, if ever; tolerance, and in time a placid, tenderness may be evoked, but not love.

Whether it be the husband or whether it be the wife who thus suffers, the result is pretty much the same. Lips of fire are pressed against lips of ice, and a heart, beating with warm, passionate emotion, is ever thrown back on itself, or compelled to keep rhythmic time with the measured pulsations of the other.

A great amount of human pain and misery would be spared if love *could* beget love. But as it cannot, why, the best thing to do is to place your affections where they will be returned.

LOVE AND MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

FEW girls realise how important it is that they should win the regard and affection of their lover's mother. Too often, alas! they treat the matter in what may be termed an offhand manner. In many cases they say to themselves or to friends, prior to the first meeting with their prospective mother-in-law, "Well, I suppose I must make myself as pleasant and amiable as possible, and endeavour to create a good impression." But their words and desire lack sincerity.

Instead of making up their minds to do everything in their power to win the love of the woman who is to be their second mother, they seem to comfort themselves with the reflection that, after all, they are not marrying their lover's parents—probably will only see them at rare intervals—and consequently they need not trouble themselves to any great extent about the matter.

A girl whose conduct is guided by such thoughts can only be characterised as exceedingly selfish. She does not consider what it means to her lover that she should be on the happiest and most pleasant terms with his mother, or how painful must be the latter's feelings when she realises that her son is about to marry a girl whom she cannot like. There is nothing which detracts so much from a man's happiness on his wedding day as the knowledge that little friendship or regard exists between his bride and his mother.

WHO MAKES THE BEST HUSBAND?

GIRLS not out of their teens are apt to scorn the idea of marrying the quiet, staid young man, the fellow who plods along like a cart-horse, at the same pace every day. They prefer somebody whose brilliance is shown in every word he utters. It is just possible that the quiet young man will make the best husband in the world. Of course, he may be stubborn and stingy, and unable to earn a big salary. But, other things considered, he ought to make a reasonably good husband.

Then there is the other one who rides a hobby. He is either an adorable husband or a perfect nuisance. It all depends on the wife's point of view. Some women like to see their husbands around the house as much as possible. Others prefer that he attend to the large affairs of life, and keep out of the way at home as much as possible.

For the former there is the amateur carpenter, who makes odd bits of furniture; the lover of flowers, who is never so happy as when digging in the garden with Amelia near by, to see how expert he is with hoe and spade; and the book-lover, whose library is his favourite sport.

Of the hobbyists, the lover of books is the one likely to find the least favour in a wife's eyes, unless she shares his tastes. For the books shut him off in a world of his own—one she may not enter unless she be a kindred spirit.

Then there is the homely young man. He is likely to make a very good husband. Should he chance to marry a pretty girl, he will be so grateful to her for noticing him that he is likely to be her slave and admirer for life, ready to gratify her every whim.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Vinegar

Will remove the disagreeable smell of paraffin from tins and jars.

Verdigris

On metal can be quickly removed by rubbing with soft rag dipped in liquid ammonia.

Lamp Chimneys

Which have been neglected and are badly discoloured, may be restored by cleaning with a rag dipped in methylated spirit. When all the stains are removed polish in the usual way.

A Cheap Floor Stain

Which will probably be in demand during house cleaning, is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of permanganate of potash in one quart of boiling water. A darker or lighter stain may be had by increasing or decreasing the amount of potash.

Stair Carpets.

Where there is much use, soon show signs of wear. They should, of course, be long enough to allow of their being shifted so as to change the wear. Beyond this it is well to put several thicknesses of strong brown paper over the edge of each stair. These can be held in position by a few tacks.

A Chest Protector.

The simplest and best chest protector is a layer of medicated cotton wool. Cut a piece of the size required, and slope out the top part for the neck. The clothes will keep it in position, but should there be any difficulty about it a safety pin on either side will secure it. This can be renewed constantly at very slight expense. (*Reply to* E. C.)

Eider Down Quilts

Will soon not be required on our beds, and yet with the small amount of cupboard-room in the modern house one is often at a loss to know where to store them. Take my advice, make pretty cotton cushion covers, fold your quilts, slip them in, sew up neatly. Your quilts will then be kept clean and well aired, and you will rejoice in a few extra cushions.

To Wash Embroidery.

You should wash coloured embroideries in bran water, as this is most cleansing and keeps the colours clear. Put a pint of bran in a muslin bag, and pour over it two quarts of boiling water. Let it get cool, and then remove the bran. Squeeze the article to be washed in it until all the dirt is removed. Pour a second lot of water over the bran, and use this for rinsing. Roll the articles in a clean cloth, and iron shortly after. (*Reply to* NELLIE.)

Influenza Baffled—Appetising Food that Brought Strength.

All who have suffered during the recent epidemic will be interested to read how an Influenza patient at West Kensington built herself back to perfect health again on a diet of Grape-Nuts Food.

She writes: "I was first induced to try Grape-Nuts Food after a severe attack of Influenza, when I was much run down and weighing only 6 stone 7 lbs. instead of my normal weight of 7 stone 7 lbs. After a few days on Grape-Nuts I certainly felt and looked much better, and at the end of the first fortnight acquaintances so often remarked upon my improved appearance that it became quite monotonous.

"To-day, as a worker, I cannot speak too highly of the sustaining properties of this valuable food. My weight is now quite normal, and I never felt better and stronger in my life. I have become almost a vegetarian, and when pressed for time I find a dish of Grape-Nuts Food and milk more digestible and certainly as sustaining as any elaborate meal."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Food is not a question of quantity but of quality. A little food partially pre-digested, as Grape-Nuts Food is, often paves the road to health, because every particle of it is surely and quickly absorbed into the blood. Grape-Nuts contains the minute particles of phosphate of potash which are found in the inner envelope of the wheat and barley grains, and from which, together with albumen and water, the body rebuilds the all-important grey matter in nerve and brain cells. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and a ten days' trial proves.

Exquisite morsels: Grape-Nuts Biscuits and Wafers. Try them. Most grocers sell them.

SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN AGAINST ECZEMA

Thousands of remarkable Cures effected daily by the Great Skin Healer, "Antexema"—Every Skin Sufferer who reads "Pearson's Weekly" should prove its powers without delay.

For sore places on the limbs or body "Antexema" is invaluable.

We hear a great deal about armies and the art of war, but "peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war," and that is specially true of the triumphs of modern medical science. The forces of health are waging relentless war with the forces of disease, and a good illustration of this fact is found in the successful "Antexema" campaign against eczema, that enemy of human comfort, ease, and good looks. Victory after victory is being won against this distressing complaint. You need suffer no longer from wearying, incessant irritation, which is bad by day and worse at night. Eczema has now met its master, and this terrible skin affection will soon be a thing of the past. Thousands are being cured by wonder-working "Antexema" every day. You can be delivered from the clutches of eczema by marvellous "Antexema." Arm yourself with "Antexema" and completely put to flight eczema and every skin complaint. Remember that "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment.

"ANTEXEMA" IS UNIQUE,

and something quite different and distinct from everything else offered. "Antexema" is a wonderful triumph of applied medical knowledge and scientific research, and the results that follow its use are of a marvellously gratifying character. "Antexema" cures every kind of skin illness, either in their early or advanced stages. It is a great thing that "Antexema" cures eczema, but it must be remembered that it also cures every other skin complaint. Another fact is that "Antexema" gives immediate relief. The very worst irritation, so bad that you are wretched all day, and driven almost mad at night, stops as soon as you apply "Antexema" to the bad place. The sweet, soothing relief so gained is most grateful to the skin-tortured man, woman, or child. Use "Antexema" and prove this.

As soon as "Antexema" is applied it forms a protective, airtight, artificial, and invisible skin over the affected part which prevents dust, dirt, or the germs of lock-jaw, blood-poisoning, or other diseases finding their way into the body. If you have regard for your skin health and for your bodily health, you will never be without a bottle of "Antexema" and by using it at the first sign of ill health of the skin you will prevent further trouble, discomfort disfigurement, and humiliation.

Every skin illness is cured by "Antexema." The question is sometimes asked: "Will 'Antexema' cure pimples?" Someone else says: "Will it cure ringworm?" And a third person says: "Will it cure redness and roughness of my skin, or is it right for bad legs or nettlerash?" Then, again, the inquiry is made: "Does 'Antexema' cure eczema of every kind, even if it has lasted for years?" To all these questions there is one answer: "Yes!" emphatically, "Yes!"

YOU CAN SEE "ANTEXEMA" CURE.

Day by day, as you use "Antexema," you will notice an improvement in the condition of your skin. Blemishes will disappear, your skin will become clearer, irritation will vanish, and soon there will not be a vestige of your former trouble remaining. Thousands have proved this, and you will do the same by adopting the "Antexema" treatment.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or post free, direct and plain wrapped, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. With every bottle is enclosed a copy of our family handbook, "Skin Troubles." Antexema" can be obtained of chemists and stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions.

Nurses know the value of "Antexema" in every type of Skin Complaint.

Apply "Antexema" to all Skin Troubles. It relieves and cures.

"Antexema"

CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

For eczema, rashes, and all Skin Troubles "Antexema" is a certain cure.

Look for name Ingersoll on dial. Prospectus free from Trade

Ingersoll

5/- Watch

This is the Ingersoll 5/- Watch, which sells at the lowest price, carries the strongest guarantee, and has a larger sale than all other watches. Accurate and reliable.

Other Ingersolls at 2/6 and 7/6. Ladies' size, 5/6. Sold by dealers everywhere, or post free by us. Booklet free.

Robt. H. INGERSOLL & Bro. 122 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

HAVE YOU A COLD?

DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/- post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading, E.S.—Before Worse Lay Advertisement

Rudge-Whitworth

Britain's Best Bicycle

Over All the Kingdom.

Wherever you find a thoroughly satisfied cyclist, you will find the machine is a Rudge-Whitworth.

Write for our 56-page Catalogue, fully illustrating this season's latest features—reliable gears, all-steel tank, patent frames, patent rust-proof enamel finish, etc. A book you need, whatever bicycle you ride.

There are 35 models of 1906 Rudge-Whitworths, from £6 15 0; easy payments from 7/- monthly. Punctures and Accidents free.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd. (Dept. 214) Coventry. LONDON: 230 Tottenham Court Road W. 230 Regent Street, W. 57 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 93 and 95 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful results.

On Plastic **Beauty** of the **Bust**

REPORT by a renowned parisian specialist on the possibility of promoting or restoring the natural development of the Bust.

Every lady should read this curious booklet.

Sent sealed free on application to: Mrs A. C. WEBNER, 57, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.

A HANDY GUIDE FOR

INCOME TAX PAYERS

. . BY . .

F. HOWARD DEIGHTON, C.C., F. W. STEPHENS, F.C.I.S., A.S.A.A., and F. LODGE ROSSER,

Cloth, Price 1s. net.

"One of the best Income Tax Books we have seen. Very clearly arranged."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Contains much valuable information as to how to make a correct return."—*City Press*

At all Bookstalls and Booksellers, or post free for 1s. 2d.

NOW READY 6D. EDITION OF

CONVICT 99.

G. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., Henrietta Street, LONDON, W.C.

Proof in the Facts: "I find that SCOTT'S Emulsion is much

MORE EASILY DIGESTED

than plain cod liver oil. I have used SCOTT'S largely, always with most successful results, for lung trouble, rickets and all wasting diseases, whether in adults or children. I always recommend SCOTT'S, knowing I have something I can rely on." FLORA WILSON, Certificated Nurse. 32 *Barclay Rd., Walham Green, London, S.W.* 8/10/05.

See that the Fishman with the Fish is on the package.

Proof in the Reason Why:

It is not what we eat that does us good, but what we digest. The superb quality Lofoten cod liver oil, of which SCOTT'S Emulsion is always made, is full of nourishment; yet this nourishment would be of little avail to the sufferer were not the oil made perfectly digestible by the original, perfected Scott process. This is why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is able to stop lung trouble, rickets and all wasting diseases when every other form of cod liver oil and every other cod liver oil emulsion fail. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get SCOTT'S Emulsion—the difference between them means a cure for you.

Write for free sample (enclose 3d. for postage and name this paper). SCOTT AND BOWNE, Ltd., 19-21 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

4% BANK DEPOSITS

THE MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON Ltd.,

IS PREPARED TO ALLOW 4%
ON SMALL DEPOSITS,

REPAYABLE ON DEMAND.

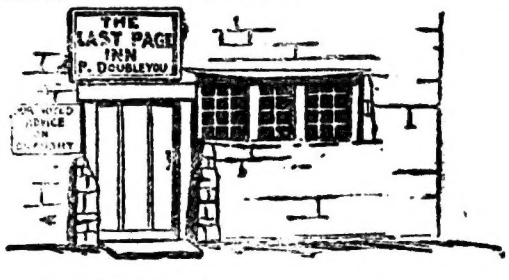
For further particulars and Balance-Sheet, address—

THE MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON LTD.,

Established 16 Years.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL - - £500,000.

KINGS HOUSE, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



Yet Another Puzzle.

Yes, it is true! By the time this copy is in your hands a brand new puzzle will be on sale all over the country. It will be so different from the Kaiser Puzzle that the solution of one will not help the puzzler in the slightest degree. Moreover, the £100 offered for its solution before May 21st is entirely independent of any other puzzle. The task set is to form the likeness of a military officer, and in the process of doing this you will find a considerable amount of pleasure and—if you are able to exercise the necessary skill—profit. The puzzle costs a penny, and may be obtained from any newsagent or bookstall.

Will Baby Bite?

E. S. is in sore perplexity. His life's happiness trembles in the balance. It is a question of the perils of heredity, and in his dilemma he turns to *P.W.* for counsel. "I intend getting married," he writes, "to a young lady, who, like myself, has had all her teeth extracted and only has artificial ones. Can you tell me whether our offspring will suffer likewise for this reason?"——————You must pull yourself together, E. S., and prepare for some bad news. I fear that in all probability your offspring will appear on the scene without any teeth at all—not even artificial ones. Do not, however, under these painful circumstances, act with too much precipitation. There is no necessity to dash off to the dentist and immediately order a miniature edition of your own artificial set. Give the baby a chance to show what he can do by his own unaided efforts. A slight peevishness, coupled with a desire for society and exercise in the small hours of the night, will be the first symptom that he is overcoming his hereditary tendency. Shortly afterwards you will begin to observe several tiny little ivory points pushing their way into existence, and, if you preserve the necessary patience, I have no doubt the happy day will eventually arrive when you will be unable to insert a playful finger into baby's mouth without running the risk of receiving a thoroughly reassuring bite.

The Scout.

I WANT to call your special attention to the first number of General Baden-Powell's splendid paper, THE SCOUT, which is out this week. It is something quite new in the way of papers, and will, I am sure, at once capture the hearts of all young men and boys, in whom the love of adventure and the thirst for a healthy, open-air life is as strong as it ever was. A combination of exciting stories, fascinating articles on every brand of out-of-door life, and the most interesting chats on scouting, camping out, and many other similar topics, make up the most wonderful pennyworth of its kind it has ever been my luck to come across. Get the first number, and see for yourselves.

Why Eggs?

"THERE is a fellow at our club," writes CURTIS, "who thinks he knows everything, and will never admit that he is stumped by any question put to him. The other night five or six of us were sitting round talking, when the subject of Easter eggs came up. I said I wondered how the custom of giving such a curious form of present originated, and someone with a laugh said, 'Better ask So-and-So,' pointing to the chap, who, as I said, will never acknowledge his ignorance. 'Oh!' replied he, 'I thought everybody knew that. In old days it was the custom as soon as Lent was over for people to make each other presents of food, so that they could have a feast. As most people lived in the country in those times, eggs were generally given as being the simplest sort of food to get hold of.' Now, Mr. Editor, can you tell me whether this explanation is correct. If not, I should much like to raise the question again, get him to repeat what he said, and then pulverise him with *P.W.*"——————There is nothing to stop you doing so, CURTIS, if you really cherish such an unkind desire. The gentleman's explanation, though ingenious enough, has as little foundation as an up-to-date, jerry-built villa. Eggs have always been used as an emblem of the creation of the world which was supposed to have taken place at Easter time, and the custom dates right back to the days of the ancient Egyptians. If I were you, however, I shouldn't trouble to pulverise the omniscient one. He probably means well, and, from the specimen of his conversation which you have given, I should say that much harmless entertainment might be derived from listening to him.

Saved!

W. M. McF. was introduced to *P.W.* under dramatic circumstances, as may be gathered from the following letter: "It was holiday time," he writes, "and, having nothing else to do, I hired a small boat from the jetty at Jarrow-on-Tyne. I was proceeding down stream when I suddenly noticed that the boat was rapidly filling with water. The wooden plug in the bottom was missing, and there was I, in the broadest part of the river, unable to swim and powerless to help myself. I waved my hand frantically, but the people on the shore could not guess the cause of my alarm, and all they did was simply to wave their hands in return. I was at my wits' end when, in the locker at the fore-end of the boat, I discovered an old copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. I hastily rolled it up tight, and stuffed it in where the plug should have been, stopping the leakage. I then bailed the water out with my felt hat, and reached the shore in safety, none the worse for my adventure."——————Bravo, *P.W.!* In addition to its other honours, the cerise-coloured one is now fairly entitled to the Royal Society's medal. I congratulate you heartily, W. M. McF., on your fortunate escape.

Setting the Thames on Fire.

CORRECTED writes to complain that she has lately been rebuked for making use of the expression, "Setting the Thames on fire." "I was told," she says, "that *temse* was the right word—meaning an old-fashioned form of hand-sieve, which, when rubbed too vigorously, was apt to burst into flames. My informant added that the expression meant that more than ordinary vigour was needed to set the temse on fire. Is this really the origin? I had always thought hitherto that the river Thames was meant."——————So it is, CORRECTED. Don't you allow yourself to be bluffed out of your belief. The French say, "So-and-So will never set the Seine on fire," and I have heard people argue in the same way that Seine means a drag-net, and has no reference to the river. The chief proof that these contentions are nonsense lies in the fact that the saying in some shape or form may be found in almost every country. The Germans constantly talk about setting the Rhine on fire, and, to come nearer home, the Irish use the same idea with reference to the Liffey. A similar phrase was in current use in the days of ancient Rome. For instance, whenever a Roman passed the house of Balbus, and saw him tinkering away at the wall which he could never finish, he used to call out mockingly, "Oh, Balbus—thou wilt never set the Tiber on fire!" and then dodge the half-brick with which the irritated builder would reply.

The Last of the Prize-fighters.

ALL my middle-aged readers who take the slightest interest in the art of self-defence will be familiar with the name of Jem Mace, and will remember his prowess in the ring. And to all younger readers his name is still well known as the man who was champion pugilist of the world for so many years. Jem Mace, now a hale and hearty old fellow of nearly eighty, was the last of Britain's prize-fighters. There are no such things as prize-fights to-day, which is a good thing. Instead of that we have scientific boxing matches, in which the contestants win on points. In the old days these bruisers used to fight hour after hour with bare fists until one of them fell. It was a brutal sport, and we are never likely to see it revived. But in all fighting contests, whether they be between men in the ring, or on the battlefield, there is a wonderful fascination, especially if told by one of the fighters himself. This is especially so in the case of a champion. For this reason, the life of Jem Mace is of peculiar interest. In it he tells how he first took up prize-fighting as a profession, and how he fought his way to the championship of the world, beating all the big men pitted against him, both English and American. His life, curious enough, has a distinct air of romance about it, for in his early days he used to tramp from village to village, and make a living by playing on his violin. Jem Mace's life story is not a sordid, blood-thirsty narrative, but is picturesque and delightfully told. The first instalment of it appears in THE BIG BUDGET published to-day. All lovers of British sport should read it for it is the *only autobiography of a champion prize-fighter ever written.* For this reason it is not only intensely interesting but gives one a splendid idea of sporting life in the middle of the last century.

An Argument With Papa.

"I WAS having a small argument with my father the other day," writes R. J. H., "the subject being, 'What is a Parsee, and what does he worship?' I maintained that he worshipped the sun, and that there were such people in England, but my father did not believe it. Can you enlighten us?"——————There are probably some Parsees in England, R. J. H., but they do not worship the sun. If they did I am afraid they would not be able to go to church very often in this country. The Parsees are the followers of the ancient Persian religion as established by Zoroaster. They worship one deity under the name of Ahura-Mazdâo, though, as in most religions, minor differences of opinion have crept in. Parsees regard the sun as a sacred symbol, but do not actually worship it. They likewise regard fire with great awe and respect, and on the altars in their temples fires are always kept burning. Parsees, as a rule, bear the highest characters for honesty, benevolence, and intelligence. Many of the most successful merchants and landowners in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay belong to this religion. Its ethical code, or, rather, the chief feature of it, is purity in thought, word, and deed.

Harmless Lunacy.

"A FRIEND of mine," writes TABLE TOP, "told me that he had recently met a man at a party who held the theory that the earth was flat, and not round, as the geography books say. Although there were several average scholars present who argued against him, he more than held his own. One point raised was a ship at sea disappearing over the horizon. He maintained that the hull was not the first part to disappear, but that the vessel became smaller and smaller until it was gradually lost sight of. The other arguments he dealt with equally well. I should like to know if there are any amongst your thousands of readers who hold the same opinion."——————Tell your friend not to let the gentleman's brilliant logic shatter his faith in the geography book, TABLE TOP. The world is round, or comparatively round, though there will always be a few original souls who prefer to consider it flat. If you ever run across one of them, you might find out what he thinks would happen when a ship got to the edge, and let me know. You can also contradict flatly any assertion that the hull of a vessel does not disappear before the masts.

More about the Marines.

G. E. K., whose father and grandfather were both in the Army, takes exception to the explanation I recently gave concerning the origin of the expression, "Tell it to the Marines." This phrase, he states, is not due to the fact that the Marines were ever considered a specially gullible class, but because, by virtue of their great experience, they are able to offer advice concerning the veracity of any yarn submitted to them. He goes on to describe how the saying arose. It appears that Charles II. was one day walking in the Green Park, chatting in his usual affable manner to Mr. Samuel Pepys, when the latter mentioned a conversation that he had recently had with the captain of the *Defiance*, in which that worthy salt described how he had seen fish flying in the air. This afforded the Merry Monarch considerable amusement, and he playfully insinuated that the captain had been pulling Mr. Pepys's revered leg. "What say you, colonel?" he added, turning to the officer in command of the recently-raised Maritime Regiment, who was also in the Royal company. "I should say, sire," replied the sea soldier, simply, "that the man hath sailed in the Southern seas, where I have observed more flying fish in one hour than the hairs of my head in number." Seeing that the colonel was in earnest, Charles recognised that the laugh was against himself, and added the immortal remark that henceforward, before casting doubts upon any strange tale of the far seas, he should "tell it to the Marines."

The "Coop."

A. R. P. is anxious to know something about the history of the English Cup, and, as it is a nice, seasonable, interesting topic, I shall have much pleasure in gratifying him.——————The resolution "that a challenge cup be established open to all clubs belonging to the Football Association" was passed on October 16th, 1871 and the first match took place at the Oval on March 16th, 1872 before 3,000 spectators. The finalists were the Wanderers and the Royal Engineers, and public sympathy seems to have been with the soldiers. However, a quarter of an hour after the start R. W. S. Vidal, of the Wanderers, "middled" (this was the phrase of the day) to a A. H. Chequer, who promptly scored the first and only goal of the match. The Wanderers were also victorious in '76, '77, and '78, thereby becoming entitled to keep the trophy. With true sporting spirit, they returned it to the Association, and it continued to do duty till '95, when it was unfortunately stolen from Aston Villa, the holders. Several enthusiasts offered to substitute a gold vase for the lost goblet, but the Association very sensibly decided to stick to the original type, and a silver replica of the historic "tin-pot," costing £20, has served the purpose ever since. The finest performance ever accomplished in the annual struggle for the trophy was when Preston North End played right through the competition in '99 without having a single goal scored against them.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARNOLD PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

LIST OF 221 RECIPIENTS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

(Continued from Page 732.)

Allan, Mrs. M., "Clovernook," Helensburgh, N.B.
Amon, J., The Red House, Rye, Sussex.
Anderson, Miss G. M., Eden Grove R. C. Sch., Holloway.
Andrews, Miss B., 35A, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.
Archer, C. B., Harraby, Carlisle.
Ash, C. W., Co-operative Society, Nuneaton.
Austin, W., 76 Ashbourne Rd., Cheadle, Staffs.
Avery, A., 104 Coldershaw Rd., W. Ealing.

Bacon, R., 24 Rendlesham St., Sunderland.
Baird, Miss C., The Friary, Leighlinbridge, Bagenalstown.
Barnes, J., 14 Elm Tree Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.
Barnett, J. W., 44 W. Preston St., Edinburgh.
Barr, J., 117 Prescot Rd., St. Helens.
Barr, J. L., St. James's Terr., Farnham, Surrey.
Batchelor, E., 14 Churchfields, Salisbury.
Bates, J., Slade Green, Erith.
Beardsworth, Miss F., 94 Granville Rd., Blackburn.
Bell, R., 26 West Row, Bebside, Northumberland.
Bennett, P. W., 122 Stroud Green Rd., N.
Bennett, G., 76 Shelgate Rd., Clapham Common, S.W.
Bennett, W. J., Lloyd and Yorath, Newport, Mon.
Blackmore, W., 92 Sydney Rd., West Ealing, W.
Bond, Mrs., 47 Avon Vale Rd., Redfield, Bristol.
Borland, J., Jnr., Meadow View, Irvine.
Bowden, J., jnr., 14 Woodland Rd., New Southgate.
Brereton, A. J., 106 Regent St., W.
Brendel, Miss G., 17 Mount Rd., Hendon, N.W.
Bright, W., 31 Haywood St., Shelton, Stoke.
Broadbank, A. S., 16 Chapel St., Harrogate.
Brooks, A., 31 St. Aidan's Rd., S. Shields.
Brooks, Miss W., Grays, Essex.
Brooks, Mrs., 13 Parkside, Eltham, Kent.
Burford, Mrs. C., 89 Gadlys Rd., Aberdare.
Burne, R. G., 48 Upper Baggot St., Dublin.
Butler, G., Blackrock Pk., Dublin.
Butler, F. W., 19 Lr. Buckingham St., Dublin.

Carter, R., 48 Perrymead St., Fulham, S.W.
Chamberlain, E., 40 Kenninghall Rd., Lr. Clapton, N.E.
Cannon, Miss P., 6 Cecil Terr., Caerleon, Newport, Mon.
Chapman, B. J., Lyndhurst, Horfield, Bristol.
Clarkson, Miss A., Schoolhouse, Rookley, Isle of Wight.
Cole, C. A., Staff, G.P.O., Colchester.
Cole, H., 65 Worcester St., Gloucester.
Collett, L., 83 London Rd., Nantwich, Ches.
Collier, J. G., 36 Binfield Rd., Clapham, S.W.
Coombs, E., 2 Addington Rd., Stroud Green.
Cooper, Mrs., 4 St. Andrew's Place, Brechin.
Cousins, J. C., 12 Selworthy Rd., Knowle, Bristol.
Cowie, A., Craigie Terr., Tollcross, Glasgow.
Cowling, Mrs., Colton Common, Norfolk.
Cox, M. R., 53 Harpenden Rd., Wanstead Pk., Essex.
Craman, Mrs., 81 Grange Pk. Rd., Thornton Heath.
Cramer, Nurse, High St., Uxbridge.
Crocker, S. C., Penpol Terr., Hayle, Cornwall.

D'Amiral, Miss E. L., Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich.
De Carteret, G. W., Vale Farm, St. Peters, Jersey.
Dahinten, E., Bull Hotel, Cambridge.
Davis, A. H., Walton Pines, Clevedon, Som.
Davies, A., 289 Bridgend Rd., Maesteg, Glam.
Deane, Mrs., 7 Clonmell Rd., S. Tottenham.
Dinchen, W. J., 20 St. James's Mansions, Muswell Hill.
Donald, A., Butley Priory, Tunstall, Suffolk.
Douglas, Miss G., 10 Jamaica St., Greenock, N.B.
Ducat, Mrs. T., 209 Gt. Northern Rd., Aberdeen.
Durkin, J. F., 143 Queen St., Glasgow.

Eden, Mrs. E., 71 Ferndale Rd., Leytonstone.

Felton, Mrs., 74 Victoria Ave., Newport, Mon.
Fisher, H. F. A., 93 Magdalen Rd., Norwich.
Foreman, W. E., 158 Trentham St., Southfields, S.W.
Forde, J., 14 The Butts, Brentford.
Forder, H. P., "Wickham," Talbot Rd., Carshalton.
Forrest, G. H., 46 Woodlands Rd., Glasgow.
Fresson, Mrs., Church St., Ashbourne, Derby.

Gay, Miss M., 10 Agnew Rd., Honor Oak Pk., S.E.
Goster, E. L., 17 Cardiff Rd., North End, Portsmouth.
Goddard, P. L., 67 and 68 Cheapside, E.C.
Godfrey, H., Crystal Palace, S.E.
Grantham, Miss A., Nautical School, Farnworth.
Green, H. T., 4 Adie Rd., Hammersmith, W.
Grimes, J. H., Mayville, Brislington, Bristol.
Grimshaw, W. S., The Beeches, Moyraverty, Lurgan.

Hall, G. W., Buchan Hill, Crawley, Sussex.
Hallam, Mrs., 61 Clee Rd., Cleethorpes.
Hamilton, W., Market Ho., N. C. Rd., Dublin.
Harrold, G., 21A Worcester St., Wolverhampton.
Hawkins, S., 71 Parson's Mead, W. Croydon.
Hearn, G., Denham, Uxbridge.
Henderson, A., Kyle Union, Ayr, N.B.
Henderson, Mrs., 4 Villas-on-Heath, Hampstead.
Hickman, W. C., 63 Temple Row, Birmingham.
Hislop, A., 4 Ferrier St., Leith, N.B.
Hobbes, Mrs., 18 Belvedere Rd., Burton-on-Trent.
Hollington, J., 22 Kempston Rd., Bedford.
Howcroft, Miss, 29 Lever Edge Lane, Bolton.
Howells, D., Station Rd., St. Clears.
Hughes, J., "Lynmouth," Brownlow Rd., New Southgate.
Humphrys, A., 67 Dundas St., Sunderland.

Ingram, O. R. Sgt. W., 3rd L.R.V. Head Qrs., Glasgow.

Jackaman, R. V., Norrington, Ipswich.
Jackson, A. H., 192 Spring Bank Hull.
Jackson, Mrs., Parkside, Up. Norwood.
Jackson, W., 123 North St., Belfast.
Johnstone, J., 67 Craddock St., Cardiff.
Jolly, Miss K., 51 Melville St., Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Jones, H. E., Sailors' Home, Belvedere, Kent.
Jones, L. M., In. Rev., Newcastle-under-Lyme.
Jones, B., 6 Caeracca Villas, Dowlais, Glam.
Jones, I. M., 17 Risca Rd., Newport, Mon.
Jones, D. W., 1 Atlas Pl., Canton, Cardiff.
Jones, C. H., 14 Holmesdale Rd., Sevenoaks.
Jones, A., 7 Landough St., Cathays, Cardiff.

Kavanagh, C. J., H.M. Customs, Belfast.
Keary, R. S., 1 King Alfred St., Walney, Barrow.
Kelly, J. (Staff), N.W. Post Office.
Keeling, A., Colwich, near Stafford.
Keen, F., Old Bridge, Bath.
Kendall, F., Museum Villa, Distington.
Kentch, H. G., St. John's Schools, Leatherhead.
Keown, J. C., 9 Pennard Mans., Shepherd's Bush.
Killeen, E., Lyndhurst, Shooter's Hill, S.E.
Kingston, F., 119 Northdown Rd., Margate.

Lambie, J. R., 335 Bath St., Glasgow.
Lansley, G. D., Arminster.
Lawrence, Miss G., 11 Fulham Pk. Gdns., Walham Green.
Lea, W., 10 Tenterden Rd., Lr. Tottenham.
Lenray, F., Shrubbery Cottage, Reigate, Surrey.
Little, Mrs. H., Huntington, York.
Lugsdin, W., 4 Cannon Hill Gr., Balsall Hth., B'ham.

McCue, A., 20 Mount Pleasant St., Greenock, N.B.
McDonald, J. A., 8 Connaught St., Phibsboro', Dublin.
McEwan, H., 69 Springbank St., Glasgow.
McTavish, A., 888 Govan Rd., Govan, Glasgow.
Macmillan, J., 4 Afton Terr., Pollokshaws, Glasgow.
Madge, D. W., 44 Eastbourne Terr., W.
Madge, E., Studio, Morriston, Swansea.
Maish, H. T., The Laurels, Forest Hill, S.E.
Manton, E., 84 Brownlow Rd., Queen's Rd., Dalston.
Martin, J., 18 John St., Dalbeattie, N.B.
Mason, E., 181 High St., Blackheath, Staffs.
Mason, S., 63 Gt. Tower St., E.C.
Mentha, Mrs. B. M., 37 Pilkington Rd., Southport.
Moore, F., 55 Brecknock Rd., Holloway, N.
Morgan, W. A., 107 Hutton Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.
Morris, M. J., District Office, Guernsey, C.I.
Moxon, A., 3 Chapel St., Stratford-on-Avon.
Moyse, Mrs. A., 100 Admiralty St., Devonport.
Muir, Miss, Mar Place, Alloa, N.B.
Muirhead, J., 136 Roslea Drive, Glasgow.
Munro, H. A., 41 Rushey Green, Catford.
Mustard, R., 102 Wednesbury Rd., Walsall, Staffs.

Neilson, R. M., 41 Whitevale St., Dennistoun, Glasgow.
Newman, S.Q.M.-Sgt. G. W., Army Pay Corps, Chester.

Oswald, H. E., Rathclaren, Bray, Ireland.
Ovenden, F. M., Fordcombe, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Paddon, Mrs., 27A Newport Rd., Stafford.
Pannell, W. E., 96 Woodbridge Rd., Guildford.
Penfold, H., Prawle Point, Kingsbridge.
Peters, H., 16 Devonshire Rd., Cambridge.
Picton, J., 22 Market St., Pembroke Dock.
Plunkett, J., 23 Hallville Rd., Mossley Hill, L'pool.
Ponton, H., 190 Dunstan's Rd., Lordship Lane, S.E.
Potter, Sergt. H., 2nd E.A.B., R.F.A., Norwich.
Price, H. C., 3 Church Rd., Acton, W.
Price, J. H., 63 Bull St., Birmingham.
Pringle, Miss J., 87 Elswick Rd., Newcastle.
Proctor, W. S. G., 46 Railway Rd., Darwen, Lancs.

Rees, H., Trimsaran, nr. Kidwelly.
Reid, J., Milverton, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Robinson, Mrs. A., 22 Swaine St., Bradford.
Robinson, E. E., Exchange Office, Newhaven Har., Sus.
Rogers, E., 42 St. Agnes Rd., Liverpool.
Rowe, Mrs. A. E., 27 Nithdale Rd., Plumstead.
Rowland, A. H., 26 Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate.
Rundle, W., jnr., In. Rev. Office, Liskeard.
Russell, H., jnr., 1 Elm Court, The Temple, E.C.
Russell, Miss M. F., Oakridge, Malvern Link.

Salt, W., Ashby Rd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.
Saunders, J., 24 Hobart Cottages, Weymouth.
Savory, M., 26 Wilson Wood St., Batley, Yorks.
Scholtz, E. K., Camkie, Redruth, Cornwall.
Sellers, H. C., Farnborough, Pershore Rd., B'ham.
Shand, M., 52 Moss Lane, W., Moss Side, M'ter.
Simpson, J., Hartburn, Morpeth.
Skinner, J., 24 Princes St., Stirling.
Smith, E. B., Road Side Cottage, Kilbirnie, N.B.
Snart, Miss N. M., Spencer's House, St. Ives, Hunts.
Spencer, H., 9 High St., Southover, Lewes.
Stansbury, G., H.M.S. "Dædalus," Bristol.
Stevens, F. W., Ibstock, Leicester.
Strang, L. T., Maddiston, Polmont, N.B.
Stredder, G. A., 2 Daisy Grove, Seacombe, Ches.
Sutherland, A., 4 Savile Row, W.

Taylor, F. L., Crow Hotel, Tenbury, Worcs.
Thomas, R. F., Kenton, Exeter, Devon.
Thomas, T. C., 15 Mirador Cres., Swansea.
Tompson, Mrs. S., "Monk Sherborne," Southsea.
Thomson, Miss C., 31 Cornhill Terr., Leith, N.B.
Thwaites, Miss, 153 Victoria Rd., New Brighton.
Towler, T. L., 133 Shardeloes Rd., New Cross, S.E.
Trelease, J., Draper, Liskeard.
Tucker, W. H., 84 Cathedral Rd., Cardiff.

Waite, J. E., 87 Narborough Rd., Leicester.
Walker, J., 11 Hill St., Mayfair, W.
Wallace, Mrs. E., St. Helen's, Inverness, N.B.
Wallace, J. B., 621 Alexandra Parade, Dennistoun, Gl'w.
Ward, T., Poplars Farm, Anslow, Burton-on-Trent.
Ward, W. E., 174 Deighton Rd., Huddersfield.
Watson, J. A., 18 Bolton Drive, Mount Florida, Glas.
Waugh, J. B., Heckmondwike, Yorks.
Wells, W., 3 Albion Cresc., Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Welton, J., 58 Garnham St., Stoke Newington, N.
Whitehead, T., Clifford Villa, Redhill, Surrey.
Whitewood, Miss B., 59 Whitta Rd., Manor Park, E.
Williams, Miss M., 83 School Rd., Stretford, M'ter.
Williams, W., 107 Seymour Rd., Gloucester.
Williamson, Rev. J., 167 Newport Rd., Cardiff.
Willsher, C. W., St. Aubyns, Thornton Heath.
Wilson, A., Cromac St., Belfast.
Wilton, C., 38 Rectory Lane, Tooting, S.W.
Wragg, T. S., 42 Claremont Terr., Edinburgh.
Wright, R., 172 Cecil St., Moss Lane, E., M'ter.

HOW IS "INDICTMENT" PRONOUNCED?

WHAT DOES "MEGACEPHALOUS" MEAN?

"OCCASSIONAL"—IS THIS SPELT CORRECTLY?

These and 40,000 similar questions can by answered bv reference to

PEARSON'S EASY DICTIONARY.

A reliable dictionary is necessary to every household, and Pearson's Dictionary is the best published. It is a model of conciseness, yet nothing vital is omitted. The system for explaining pronunciation is most effective. Get Pearson's Easy Dictionary now and for ever after speak with fluency.

Price 3s. 6d. net. of all booksellers, or post free for 3s. 10d. from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.; 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

John Lee relates in vivid language the full story of how he three times escaped death on the scaffold.

THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG.

The most sensational story in the whole history of crime.
Price 6d. at all booksellers.

FIFTY YEARS A FIGHTER

JEM MACE

tells his

THRILLING LIFE STORY

in the

Big Budget

NOW ON SALE. ONE PENNY.

THE KAISER IS STILL MISSING.

"P.W.'s" Great Puzzle is Not Yet Solved. . .

Up to the time of going to press no one has succeeded in forming the correct picture of the German Emperor from the pieces of black paper which comprise the Great "Pearson's Weekly" Kaiser Puzzle.

As already stated, the inventor of the amazing "Kaiser Puzzle," which is now on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls, challenges the readers of "Pearson's Weekly" to supply the correct solution before Tuesday, April 28th. We are willing to back up his challenge with the offer of £100 under the conditions which you will find printed on the back of the puzzle.

You can buy the great Kaiser Puzzle containing the whole of the nine black parts, printed on card, from all booksellers' and newsagents'.

ASK FOR THE

KAISER PUZZLE.

ONE PENNY.

£10 is offered to the NEWSVENDOR who sells the greatest number. Full details appear on each copy of the puzzle.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

NEARLY £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
INSURANCE.

495 Claims already paid, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a **passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature..

Available from 9 a.m., Wednesday, April 15th, 1908, until midnight, Friday, April 24th, 1908.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1908.		APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . . April 17.	S	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	April 17 ... 7.56
Easter Monday . April 20.	M	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	" 18 ... 7.57
Whitsun Monday . June 8.	T	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	" 19 ... 7.59
Bank Holiday . . August 3.	W	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	" 20 ... 8.1
Christmas Day December 25.	T	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	" 21 ... 8.3
Boxing Day . December 26.	F	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	" 22 ... 8.4
	S	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	" 23 ... 8.6

The Business on which the Sun never sets.

TEA MERCHANTS
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

PURVEYORS
BY ROYAL WARRANT

TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

LIPTONS

FOR

QUALITY

25,000 Branches and Agencies all over the Globe.

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 23/4/1908. On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10s. 6d.—

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

5/6

REPEAT ORDERS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM.

£1,000 GIVEN AWAY IN LADIES' FANCY SATINETTE, DELAINETTE BLOUSES. GIVEN AWAY.

Sizes, 38, 40, 42 in.

3/8

Postage 4d. extra

F. HODGSON & SONS, City of Leeds, will send to readers for the small sum of 3s. 8d. (postage 4d. extra), a Lady's beautiful Tailor-made Cloth Serge Dress Costume Skirt in Black, Grey, or Navy, richly trimmed with ornaments and mercerised satinette strappings, and four rows of piping, fastened at side, and REMEMBER, included with each Skirt, a handsome Blouse in any colour. **FREE!**

(State colour wanted.)

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, Lino, Skirts, Furs, &c., POST FREE, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 23/4/1908.

500 SPECIAL VICUNA CLOTH COSTUME LENGTHS.

F. HODGSON & SONS, City of Leeds, offer to the world the above cloth in Black and fashionable colours, including Myrtle, Red, Browns, Greys, Navy, &c., made from expressly prepared yarns used in its manufacture. This is the smartest cloth we have ever placed before our clients. Special offer—6 yards (44 inches wide) for 5/6, postage 6d. extra. Money willingly returned if not approved.

SALE PRICE Six Yds. **5/6**

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers & Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

"VASELINE" IN TUBES.

For the little accidents and ailments that are bound to occur in every family, Vaseline in its modern form, the tube, is by all odds the safest and best of household remedies. Vaseline tubes are *pure* the only—no danger of lead poisoning. Vaseline when squeezed from these tubes is beautifully fresh—entirely free from dust and germs—no hand has ever touched it before.

Six Useful Trial Samples, Post Free, 6d.

Sample Boxes contain Six Articles:

1 Tube White "Vaseline."
1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline."
1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline."
1 Tin Pure "Vaseline."
1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream.
1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send Sixpence in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
Proprietors of "Vaseline,"
42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
And one will be forwarded post free.